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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1922

AND YEARBOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.



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TO
MY FRIEND
JOHN T. HUGHES

WHO LOVES IRELAND WITH THE
SAME PASSION THAT HE LOVES
THE POETS OF EVERY LAND IN
HIS UNSELFISH HEART

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INTRODUCTION

The current stage of our poetic history is one of solution. A year ago it would have been difficult to have foreseen this condition. It is now ten years—1912 is the accepted date by the radicals, when the dawn of the Renaissance broke—since the art functioned into a period; the annual *Transcript* articles began seven years earlier, playing the role of prophecy. Last month Miss Monroe's magazine, "Poetry, A Magazine of Verse," celebrated its tenth anniversary; and my own "Anthology of Magazine Verse, and Yearbook of American Poetry," reaches its tenth volume with the current publication. The decade has been packed with incidents; there have been groups and battles, propaganda and persecution; there have been large successes, and sincere and respectable attention to the average adequacies and minor distinctions. The period has been long enough in time and broad enough in the mass to observe the undulations and get the perspective. Mr. Masters shot to his peak, wobbled, and rebounded with the "Domesday Book"; Frost rolled over the mountain-tops like a pale mist, and hangs there with a mellow flush; Amy Lowell blazed skyward to run in and out of shadows; Sandburg, who began swimming so arrogantly in the waters of realism and slang, lost the vigor of his stroke and went head under the eternal waves of truth and experience; Lindsay's early vision with its burning evangelicism jazzed itself into popularity; only Robinson, among the poets of major importance in the mid-period, and John Hall Wheel-

ock in its later phase, kept steadily progressive towards a consistently high achievement. The so-called "intellectualists" from Bodenheim to Aiken, whose intellectualism made a fetich of technique which, like the priest and the Levite, led them to pass on the other side of the road where Life lay stricken. All through the last five years the increasing contribution of books of poems gave promise that a succession of figures would arrive to match the impressive talents which ushered in the Renaissance. These poets may be named by the score; but they have done nothing better than break up the early cohesion of achievement, and project into the current time a state of solution. The controversy during the year by the leading proponents of the various modes on the "return" of strictly conventional metressis is an evidence of this state. There has been attack and defense; defections from the ranks; and claims that tradition has never wholly been abandoned. The controversialists have, perhaps, little realized that the cause of the conflict has been more or less determined by the practice of the countless new arrivals in the field during the last year or two.

Has the craze for anthologies had anything to do with these vague and indefinite conditions of poetic affairs? If so, I may have to take much of the blame. The tenth anniversary of the "Anthology of Magazine Verse," may be an appropriate time for a little searching into facts. Mere collections of verse are no new literary innovation; the performance goes back to the Greeks, from whom the name *Anthology* is taken to characterize such a work as a collection of poetry by various authors. I suppose what my critics have meant when they call me the "Arch Anthologist," is, that I started an innovation which was unique, and then became dangerous in its susceptibility to imitation. Of course, there were all sorts of "annuals," even before I was born; Victorian literature was full of them, but they were

recruited from prose talents, and made a Christmas feature. So there was not much originality in grasping the idea of an "annual" publication; the uniqueness of my venture, in the beginning was to have the courage, and, yes, the faith, to produce an "annual" recruited with verse, and that verse the verse printed in the magazines of the current year, and by the supposedly Tom-Dick-and-Harry of the art. No one approached even the idea of doing such a thing in the dim antiquity of 1905; I did. But it took seven years to cultivate the disastrous opportunity of putting the idea into effect. The audacity of the idea in itself preëmpted imitation immediately; but it was foolish to think that an opportunity which lent itself so freely to the assimilative mind would go unchallenged. Pioneers build poor roads, but there is no traveling and discovery without them. We have now a number of annual and bi-annual collections of verse, and they keep multiplying down to the latest "Bookman Anthology of Poems, 1922," edited by John Farrar. The seed has grown a good crop, and one has only blessing for the harvest. One day some imaginative mind, impracticable (it will be believed), with faith, will create a new mode and method of serving the art as a human need, and the practical ones will take a new tack.

Perhaps a word here might be said of the aim with these annual collections of verse. I have been severely criticized for not doing this or that with them. Mr. Lawrence Mason puts me in the same hole that Mr. Joseph Warren Beach puts Joseph Hergesheimer and Theodore Dreiser, an opening no purist will smutch his imaginative nose in. I have had letters from representative practitioners in every mode and school of verse in the country, censuring me for not making these collections up wholly with the particular kind of verse they produced; all the other "kinds" were failures and "rot." Considering

only their own point of view there could not possibly be anywhere near the number of good poems produced in a single year which my volumes included. Well, Time has its own ironic way with all of us; and our judgments can only be trusted for their honesty and sincerity. The purpose of these annual volumes has been to represent the achievement of the year in magazine poetry of every character and quality and form, except that of common humor, for the appreciation of the general public. If I had been editing such a collection for poets and critics merely, the purpose and the character of the work would be different. The spirit, not the body, of the public is a better judge of values in this matter than the professional critics; the latter are but the merest servants to fetch and carry standards.

Let us go back to what the year has measured in the art. It has been a time, as I have said, of loose factors. The pointed achievement of the year was the publication of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Collected Poems." Nothing has done so much to crystallize the poet's position. The work won for Mr. Robinson the Pulitzer Prize of one thousand dollars for the best book of poems produced by an American poet during the year; added to this he received the Poetry Society's Prize of five hundred dollars. The New York Authors' Club voted the work the most significant publication by an American author during the year; and Yale University conferred upon Mr. Robinson an honorary degree. Mr. Robinson's career proves an artistic axiom which ought to be heeded by all young poets.

Prize awards for poems have begun to show a promise of growing as numerous as the prizes given for pictures hung in the various exhibitions. All the poetry magazines are offering prizes, though the awards are not made in a set competition. The Blindman Prize offered by the Poetry Society of South Carolina is one of the most important annual

awards; distinction should be made between the awards that are made for books and those for individual poems. An interesting competition of the year was the Clark Equipment Company's prize of one thousand dollars for the best poem on the subject of transportation. Though the contest closed in July, the award has not at this writing been made.

The mass of magazine poetry has been as interesting as ever. The outstanding poems have not been as numerous as in other years; for instance, there has been nothing to match Lew Sarett's "The Box of God," of last year, though Vachel Lindsay's "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" and Robert Frost's "Paul's Wife," made distinct impressions. Mary Johnston's "Virginiana" is a fine contribution. Amy Lowell's "Revenge" has a quality she has not got into any other of her shorter poems since "Patterns." My reference last year to the progress being made poetically in the South appears fully justified by the quality and quantity of the work coming from that section of the country in the past year. Du Bose Heyward and Hervey Allen of Charleston are both poets of exceptional gifts; Mr. Allen's poem, "The Leaping Poll," in a recent issue of the *London Mercury*, shows a quality of expression possessed with inferior brightness by Rupert Brooke. In Norfolk, Virginia, is a group of poets who are doing splendid lyrical work, and where an excellent poetry magazine, *The Lyric*, which has printed contributions by the best poets the country over, is edited by John Richard Moreland with rare discrimination and skill; Mr. Moreland himself is a lyric poet of exquisite sensibilities. Also some well-informed and well-expressed criticism of poetry comes from this city, the work of Virginia Taylor McCormick.

With the exception of Robinson's "Collected Poems" no books by the outstanding figures were published during the year. Carl Sandburg was another exception that might be noted for signifi-

cance of a kind. Elinor Wylie's "Nets to Catch the Wind," and Florence Kilpatrick Mixter's "Out of the Mist," were first books whose significance the public could not escape. Olive Tilford Dargan's "Lute and Furrow" maintained the excellent tradition of this poet's work. Maxwell Bodenheim's "Introducing Irony" exhibits this poet at his best. Two books bordering the end of the year present each a case of extreme importance in contemporary poetic history. Mr. John Hall Wheelock's "The Black Panther" establishes his position among the major contemporary figures, and Mary Sinton Leitch's "The Wagon and the Star" is the beginning of a poetic career that has been hailed by William Lyon Phelps and others as promising conspicuous attainment and admiration. Professor Prescott's "The Poetic Mind" and Robert Graves' "On English Poetry" both present theses which raise problematical questions. All this points to the vitality, both creatively and critically, which possesses the art in America today.

W. S. B.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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I wish, also, to thank the *Boston Transcript Company*, for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

The Macmillan Company: "Caput Mortuum" in *Collected Poems* by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "The Mountain Graveyard," "To Edgar Allan Poe," "Dusk" by Du Bose Heyward; and "Shadows," and "Dead Men, To a Metaphysician" in *Carolina Chansons* by Du Bose Heyward and Hervey Allen.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Panther! Panther!" "Night Hath Its Fear," "O Happy Heart," and "In the Dark City" in *The Black Panther* by John Hall Wheelock; and "In the Black Country (Staffordshire, England)" in *Lute and Furrow* by Olive Tilford Dargan.

Henry Holt and Company: "To a Dead Pembina Warrior," "Indian Sleep Song" and "Maple-Sugar Song" in *The Box of God* by Lew Sarett.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "The Last Fire" in *The Barcarole of James Smith* by Herbert S. Gorman.

Harcourt, Brace and Company: "Women's War Thoughts" in *The American Rhythm* by Mary Austin.

Alfred A. Knopf: "The Death of a Dandy" in *The Undertaker's Garland* by John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr.

Boni and Liveright: "Dear Minna," "Instructions for a Ballet" and "Two Sonnets to My Wife" in *Introducing Irony* by Maxwell Bodenheim; "A Print by Hokusai," "All Souls' Eve" and "Lullaby" in *Out of the Mist* by Florence Kilpatrick Mixer.

B. J. Brimmer Company: "To a Hermit Thrush," "On Being Told that My Child Resembles Me" and "Silence" in the *Waggon and the Star* by Mary Sinton Leitch; "The Northeast Corner," "Heritage," "Under-Currents" and "In April" in *Backroads: A Book of Poems* by Winifred Virginia Jackson; "Elegy on a Dead Mermaid Washed Ashore at Plymouth Rock," "For Maister Geoffrey Chaucer," and "Threnody" in *The Hills Give Promise, A Volume of Lyrics With Carmus: A Symphonic Poem* by Robert Siliyman Hillyer; "Measure" in *Bronze: A Book of Verse* by Georgia Douglas Johnson; and "Fragilities" in *The Carrying of the Ghost* by Nelson Antrim Crawford; and "The Minister's Wife" and "A Rain Song" in *Frescoes* by Jay G. Sigmund.

Robert McBride: "A Moral Emblem of Maturity," "At the Symphony" and "Love Hath No Physic" in *Youth Grows Old* by Robert Nathan.

Yale University Press: "Earth Lover," "To Persephone" and "Sea-Nearness" in *White April* by Harold Vinal.

Moffart, Yard and Company: "Sifting My Dreams" in *The Roots of Beauty* by Muriel Strode.

James T. White Company: "The Little Sin," "A Grave," "A Minor Poet" and "Birch Trees" in *Red Poppies in the Wheat* by John Richard Moreland.

Will Ransom: "Words," "Changeling" and

“Zenith” in *Star-Pollen* by Power Dalton; and “The Peacock” in a volume as yet unnamed by Scottie McKensie Frasier.

Workers Party: “To My Little Son” in *Bars and Shadows*, the prison poems of Ralph Chaplin.

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SHADOWS

There is deliberateness in all sea-island ways,
Outlandish to our days as stone wheels are.
The islands cannot see the use of life
Which only lives for change;
Their days are flat,
And all things there move slowly.
Even the seasons are conservative—
No sudden flaunting of wild colors in the fall,
Only a gradual fading of the green,
As if the earth turned slowly,
Or looked with one still face upon the sun
As Venus does;
Until the trees, the fields, the marshes,
All turn dun, dull Quaker brown,
And a mild winter settles down,
And mosses are more gray.

All human souls are glasses which reflect
The aspects of the outer world.
See what terrible gods the huge Himalayas bred!—
And the fierce Jewish Jaywah came
From the hot Syrian desert
With his inhibitory decalogue.
The gods of little hills are always tame;
Here God is dull, where all things stay the same.

No change on these sea-islands!
The huge piled clouds range
White in the cobalt sky;
The moss hangs,
And the strong tiring sea-winds blow—
While day on glistening day goes by.

The horses plow with hanging heads—
Slow, followed by a black-faced man,
Indifferent to the sun.
The old cotton bushes hang with whitened heads;

And there among the live-oak trees
Peep the small whitewashed cabins,
Painted blue perhaps, with scarlet-turbaned women,
Ample-hipped, with voices soft and warm;
And the lean hounds and chocolate children swarm.

Day after day the ocean pumps
The awful valve-gates of his heart,
Diastole and systole through these estuaries;
The tides flow in long gray weed-streaked lines;
The salt water, like the planet's lifeblood, goes
As if the earth were breathing with long-taken breaths
And we were very near her heart.

No wonder that these faces show a tired dismay,
Looking on burning suns, and scarcely blithe in May.
Spring's coming is too fierce with life,
And summer is too long;
The stunted pine trees struggle with the sand
Till the eyes sicken with their dwarfing strife.

There are old women here among these island homes,
With dull brown eyes that look at something gray,
And tight silver hair, drawn back in lines,
Like the beach grass that's always blown one way;
With such a melancholy in their faces
I know that they have lived long in these places.
The tides, the hooting owls, the daylight moons,
The leprous lights and shadows of the mosses,
The funereal woodlands of these coasts,
Draped like a hearse,
And memories of an old war's ancient losses,
Dwell in their faces' shadows like gray ghosts.
And worse—
The terror of the black man always near,
The drab level of the ricefields and the marsh
Lend them a mask of fear.

DEAD MEN

(To a Metaphysician)

If they were shadows walking to and fro
Upon a screen you call reality,
Then, when the light fails, where do shadows go?
This boy enigma rapes philosophy.
But if they really occupied three-square,
And now are only shadows on a screen,
How can the light still cast a shadow there
From shades of shadows that have never been?

Such questions are a mimic pantomime
Of ghosts to utter nothings in dream chairs,
Myopia squinting in a mist of time,
An eye that sees the eye with which it stares.
Your light too clearly shows the ancient stigma
Of questions solved by posing an enigma.

The Bookman

Hervey Allen

SUMMER NIGHT

Like a bell note shivered into fragments of fine sound:
The summer night. But silence and the stillness do
astound

Me more than all this strange-go-round
Of multitudinously minted chords along the ground.

This is an edifice of silence, vast:
Into the chinks of silence sound will creep
A little while—and fall asleep,
Its strength being spent and past.

They say the crickets sing all night:
I know
They strike against the walls of silence,
Insistently, a futile blow.

The Measure

Kenneth Slade Alling

THE UNSCARRED FIGHTER REMEMBERS FRANCE

That amazing holiday:
Wine and brotherhood and passion,
Paradisal in its way,
Elemental in its fashion.

Those of you that must come after,
Will not know this blithe and brave
Thing we met with vivid laughter,
Standing by an open grave.

The Measure

Kenneth Slade Alling

FIRST ICE

No wind will walk upon the water there,
That wears the pale defiance of the ice;
First ice, a crystallizing of the air,
Thin, brittle. When the pond is frozen twice
The water will be then congealed—and locked
By shore and shore. Now there are open places,
Dark mirrors where the clouds are making faces,
The wind dislimns, as if he thought they mocked
His play.

Gruff winter, airy, blithe as spring,
With fragile fancies—men that deem him harsh
Should see this ice today along the marsh,
This magic of his momentary touch;
For even early April would give much
To build so light and delicate a thing.

New York Evening Post

Kenneth Slade Alling

FEBRUARY THAW

Now these ephemeral glaciers move,
And racked apart by rain and sun,
Disintegrate; and with strange cries,
A thousand crying rivers run.

Not yet the spring and singing frogs;
But these bright rainbows of the ground
Are promises, and they are words,
And occult ecstasies of sound.

The Measure

Kenneth Slade Alling

"THE TIME WHEN I WAS PLOWING"

The time when I was plowing
The fields and days were long,
The weeds went back forever
And the morning-glory clung;
Behind the rumps of horses
The sod ran off forever,
With earth the share was bright;
The sod ran off forever,
The days ran into night.

The time when I was seeding
With rain in the wind
The fields and days were endless
Under the sky's end;
Here with the disks' turning
And with the horses' treading
A white day was unending,
And time was out of mind.

The times when I was binding
The fields and hours were wide;
Clear to the utter sunset

My sheaves lay side by side;
And life was long as seeming
In a dusk falling,
And in the road the dust was brown
With wagons going up to town.

The time I drove my wagon
Beside a tradesman's door
I dropped the reins and left it
Nor reaped or seeded more,
And years are counted pennies
Dwindling to a score.

The New Republic

Maxwell Anderson

SUNRISE TRUMPETS

Dim wind pillared the hills: stiller than mist it
seemed;
Somewhere water challenged silence, somewhere
water failed;
Spiders brooded thick in silver and the willows
dreamed . . .
Then the wind crumpled richly; night paled.

Black-eyed starlight dimmed; a voice blushed
timidly;
Sombre crimson crouched in shadow, rifts of hazel
fire:
Dawn a drowsy eagle, and the brief audacity
Of thrushes fluting through the dew—one choir!

O the lift, the liquid blindness of their throats!
O the high white music and the blue plumes of the
wind!
Up! the crested moment points a sword! the flashing
notes
Of sunrise-trumpets! Up! dawn is javelined!

The New Republic

Joseph Auslander

CRYING, "THALASSUS!"

Then, as now, let it be the drawl of rivers
Parleying broken silver that compels
With voice whose beauty burdens and delivers
My dust to struggle like a stir of bells.
To rally wild, remembering the streams
Of all the earth, rise valiantly, respond
Some night when poised on swarthy silence dreams
The moon, a great cool aqueous diamond!

Oh! let desire go forth unpiloted
And passionate to meet the glowing flood,
Crying, "Thalassus is no longer dead:
His fire trembles blindly in my blood!"
Crying, "Thalassus is not dead, his fire
Is in my blood and blinds me with desire!"

Voices

Joseph Auslander

SOMEWHERE A LONELY BIRD

Somewhere a lonely bird makes incoherence lovelier
Than song of knitted gold:
O I have never heard
Slim water beating in a white-birch thicket
Or deftly-syllabled singing bird
So frail, so fugitive, so uncontrolled!

I will not speak, nor with the shadow of my listening
Affront your loneliness;
Let me the rather go
To mine, the agony of stammered words
Your wild dark throat can hardly guess,
Your wild dark music never, never know.

The New Republic

Joseph Auslander

WOMEN'S WAR THOUGHTS

*A room in Time from which a window looks
on the Present.*

THE TRUMPETS:

Wake, O Women!

A WOMAN AT THE WINDOW:

Oh, no more for women
Shall the trumpets tear their throats!

No more the white riders,
Strong thewed and breastless
Come reiving and raiding.
We modern women are undone by our own
preciousness.

Like viols of few strings
Plucked at by lovers in their silken intervals,
Live in the prelude to our womanness.
Our music seldom swings
From the apassionata's opening phrases
Into the star-built theme of mastery.

Not even like the Spartan women,
Guardians of the Gate whereby life entering is
made man

By virtue of that clean divinity
That lives in women's flesh.

Not ours to turn,
Whose sons return not
Borne on their shields or bearing them,
To rear a sterner offspring to our conquerors.

Trumpets sound, and summoning drums.

Our sons are too much ours!
Too much the child, that means,
Too prone to keep us
The condoning lap, the leaned on bosom,
The ever pleased spectator of their plays
Filling the gaps with ready make believe.

We talk of giving,
Who cannot throb to world adventure
Save through the still unsevered stalk of being.
Who suffer, deep in the womb of our affection,
Perpetual pangs of parturition.

Suddenly the drums
Quicken the male pulse of the world,
The questing trumpets
Seek out the part of them that is not us,
And with a sword
Time heals us of a too prolonged maternity.
*Flags go by, and the tips of bayonets, passing
the window in full procession.*
Strange they should look so much alike!

I cannot find my son's
Among the lean brown shanks,
Crossing and uncrossing like the shears of Atropos
To cut the thread of over-ripe autocracy.
Nor trace the alien strains
Gave rise to that steel glinting river,
Frothed bright with banners.

What tongues do trumpets speak,
Welding all men into one moving unit?

Women are welded at heart
By the rhythm of rocking cradles.
World-wide, they are starting awake to feel if one
is well covered,
Who at that moment may be lying stark in the
trenches.
Women of any nation,
For the sake of a long sheared curl
Between two leaves of a prayer book,
Will weep on each other's shoulders.
But the word of the trumpet to men
Is the seed of a forthright intention.

The drums go by, and the Allied banners.
When I was young, my son,
I dreamed of a life exempted as yours is today,
From the claims of the past and the present,
A tiny, two-penny candle to burn on the altar of
Now.

But the cant of a world made sleek by soul strok-
ing phrases,
Offered your life for mine.
As though your life were a thing I could make
For my soul's diversion,
To dangle before my mind
And quiet its hunger.
Oh, my son, how times like these give the lie
To that smug maternal illusion!

VOICES OF YOUNG SOLDIERS (*singing*):
Land, my Land!
Thy sons are going
Where like a wind from the west we feel God
blowing
Kings from their seats and Empire from its stays.
Land where the Vision blessed our fathers,
Perfect in us thy praise!

THE WOMAN (*repeating the word of the inner Voice*):
. . . You are no more to the making
Than the nozzle is to the fountain.
I am the source and the stream
And the deeps to which I have called him.
I will drink up the life of your son
To quicken my harvest.
I will take up his life and lay it
To the lips of my larger purpose,
Trumpeting forth my power,
And my will to Freedom . . .

YOUNG SOLDIERS (*singing*):

Land, my Land!

Thy sons go singing

Forth to the work of our God, our lives free flinging

Nothing withholden or scamped, for thy sake;

Land, by whose voice the larger Freedom

Has called the world awake!

THE WOMAN (*muses*):

Life that passed through us,

Did it leave no tang of the man strain, mordant,
unruly . . .

The Red Cross nurses go by.

Yonder the barren women . . .

Women whose breasts are scarcely grown

But whose hearts are steadied with skill,

Will sit on the Pit's red edge

And hold back death with laughter.

Bite back the moan in your throat, O my son,

If the shrapnel tears you.

Lest the unwed women say

I was too woman-soft when I shaped you,

I that am left to hand-waving, balcony service!

The music grows faint in the distance.

Why should we weep

Who taught them to follow the music;

We who attuned them

To feints, pursuits, and surprises?

Have we ever denied them the game that we should
wonder

When they go roaring forth to hunt one another?

Blood . . .

There is no virtue in blood . . .

Any woman will tell you!

Torn flesh . . . and a gay endurance . . .

I did as much for you in the bearing.

War is a sickness sucked from your shiny toy male-
ness.

When your teeth have met on hard metal awhile
You will be cured of your sickness.

. . . And then
We will go back to our playing,
Sally, retreat, and ambush, handling and stroking,
Till Peace is choked with the rising scum
Of our passionate prepossessions.

Was it you or I, son,
Made this war, I wonder!

The Dial

Mary Austin

SHUT OUT

Death bars me from my garden, but by the dusty
road
Glints many a vagrant blossom the wind's caprices
sowed.

Death locks my door against me and flings the golden
key
To sink with many another beneath the moaning sea.

But there are haunts for gypsies upon the heather
moors,
Where we share with one another the lore of out-
of-doors;

And gypsy tells to gypsy what healing herbs are best
When the old wound starts a-throbbing and starlight
brings no rest.

Voices

Katharine Lee Bates

SARAH THREE NEEDLES

(Boston, 1698)

By the grim grace of the Puritans she had been
brought
Into their frigid meeting-house to list
Her funeral sermon before the rope ran taut.
Soft neck that he had kissed!

Through the narrow window her dazed blue eyes
could see
The rope. Like a glittering icicle it hung
From the hoar cross-beam of the horrible gallows-
tree.
His arms about her flung!

Two captive Indians and one Guinea slave,
Hating at heart the merciless white God,
In the stubborn ground were hacking her shallow
grave.
Sweet April path they trod!

Her shivering neighbors thrilled to the fierce
discourse
Of the minister, who thundered the dire sting
Of a sinner's death till his vehement voice went
hoarse.
She heard love's whispering.

And still she stood while the frozen communion
bread,
That the preacher broke ere he poured the chilly
wine,
Rattling into the plates, her judges fed.
Her food was more divine.

The Double Dealer

Katharine Lee Bates

AT CAMDEN

But why, Walt Whitman, loveliest serenader
Of "sane and sacred Death," the veiled "Dark
Mother,"

From dread of dust our most assured dissuader,
Why in this massive tomb your own dust smother?
Why lavish thousands of your hidden treasure
On that grim prison, you the gipsy lover
Of leaves of grass in every dancing measure
Caprices of their piper winds discover?
Comrade of comrades, Child of Adam, lonely
Your body bears its changes, walled from fusion
Of friendly earth and dew, companioned only
By grandeur, Death's ironical delusion.
April's fresh voice, chanting her new Te Deum,
Beats vainly on that sullen mausoleum.

Voices

Katharine Lee Bates

PORTRAIT SONNETS

1

She was more like a tree upon a hill—
More like a sycamore than anything—
And was so much alone up there, that spring
Or fall or summer she seemed quite to fill
A place which otherwise had lacked the trill
Of birds and grace of leafy gesturing.
I think no one of us could know the sting
Of high free winds could be so keen—and kill.

But all of us remember how the shade
Crept sometimes down the slope and lingered there
Among the trees that grew along the stream.
We feel a lesser friendliness displayed
Between us and the height—we miss a stair
By which we climbed to know a hill-top dream.

2

She must have lived so long with only trees
 For friends, and so have known at last too well
 Some certain curious facts she could not tell
 To anyone; for she found larger ease
 With things that had no faces, and took these
 To be a perfect sign of demon spell
 That soon or late would break the even hell
 Which seemed to be beyond this world's appease.

And now that she has lived a rapture there
 Where none of us would venture—now it seems
 Almost as if a greater wisdom crowned
 Her every day than favors even rare
 Or final moments with its surest gleams;
 Nor can she tell us what it was she found.

3

It was so much the way that tulips bloom,
 Her coming and the way she had with me—
 So much the way a tulip mocks a tree
 Which late in April keeps a winter gloom—
 That I, like one who guards in a close room
 Precarious fires, was wholly glad to see
 Such light, incautious burning—glad that she,
 Completely torch, made gay her certain doom.

But since those bright, disturbing flowers are dark
 And lie, more ash than ember, on the ground.
 I feel a purpose in the brilliant play
 That was of very life, and less a mark
 Of folly than of knowing quite profound
 And perfect things about brief-living clay.

4

Sometimes when Eastern carpets wear so thin
 Their borders lie like fringes on the floor
 And even palace feet seem almost more

Than the frail dreams and legends held within
Mere thread and silk can bear, we begin
For the first time to see a deeper store
Of meaning in the place that had before
Shown nothing where a meaning should have been.

Perhaps what seems futility in her
Was, after all, the final strength of race
Which, less flamboyant as it wins its goal,
Became expressive of the things that were
For each of us the highest certain grace—
The ultimate design of his own soul.

Voices

Henry Bellamann

GOD

I often spend week-ends in heaven,
And so I know him well.
Most times he is too busy thinking things
To talk;
But then, I like his still aloofness
And superior ease.
I can't imagine him in armor, or in uniform,
Or blowing like a windy Cæsar
Across the fields of Europe,
Or snooping in my mind
To find what I am thinking,
Or being jealous of the darling idols
I have made.
If ever that slim word—aristocrat—
Belonged to anyone, it is to God.
You should see him steadying the wings
Of great thoughts starting out
On flight—
Very like a scientist trying a machine.
Patrician, cool, in a colored coat

Rather like a mandarin's;
Silver sandals—quite a picture!
I can't see him
Fluttering in wrathful haste,
Or dancing like a fool.

I don't go there often—
Only when I'm at my best.
I save up things:
Pictures of the sea wild with white foam,
Stories of engines beating through the clouds,
News of earth in storm and sun,
Some new songs—the best.

He's fond of being entertained
With what I choose to tell him of myself—
Very kind about tomorrow,
Indifferent of yesterday.

He's like that—
God in his heaven—alone.
I know, for I made him, put him there
Myself.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Henry Bellamann*

TWO SONNETS

I

Antigone and Helen—would they laugh
To see La Belle Florinda shake her limbs?
How would the sacred Eleusinian hymns
Sound on the record of a phonograph?
Oh, you who cherish La Belle's autograph,
Who serve her eyebrows and her slightest whims,
Oh, you who pay her supper bills at Tims'
Who pride yourself that you can stand the gaff—

Would you be shocked beyond your puny wits
Were you to stumble on the hidden glade
Where Bacchanals and Helen danced and swayed
Nude in the moonlight? Ah, the code that fits
The glowing Broadway lights is much too staid
To tolerate such frolics in the shade!

II

Or is it all illusion? Do the years
Cover with glamor what was tawdry then?
Did moralists and such like thunder when
Antigone got drunk on Attic beers,
And danced too freely mid the eager leers
Of Plato's seniors, who bought up the glen
To prove to Athens that they lived like men—
And gave Antigone the college cheers?

It may be so. I should not think it strange.
Herodias, Antigone, La Belle—
One sisterhood. Perhaps we do not change
As much as some pretend to think. Ah, well—
Don't let me spoil your pleasure in the show—
For me, my vision of the long ago!

The Measure

David P. Berenberg

THE DEATH OF A DANDY

Charles Almerý Henry Coatsworth, 1751-1825, only son—at least in the eyes of the law—of Henry, Lord Coatsworth by Georgiana, his fifth wife, became known as an exquisite while still at Eton. Coming up to London, after a brief but sartorially brilliant passage through Oxford, he soon outmoded the most extravagant macaroni of his day, particularly by his wigs, which assumed a height and elaboration hitherto unknown in England. He was said at this period to have employed three barbers, one to dress the side curls, one the bag of the wig and the third to apply the powder. He commonly called his barbers Clotho, Atropos, Lachesis, because, he said, they controlled his destiny. On one occasion he had himself carried, in his lacquered sedan chair, into the "Green Cocoonut" and suddenly appeared before the fops who habitually gamed there, quite naked, adorned only by a fantastic wig of curled and powdered hair. He afterwards referred to the incident as a boyish attempt to revive Restoration wit: "The spectacle," he said, "was designed for philosophers, and I fell among scandal mongers." He is said to have run the young Lord Sedley through in a duel because the latter had insulted the chaste memory of his mother, who had recently died in a delirium brought on, it may be hinted, by an indiscreet indulgence in mulled rum. He was, for a decade at least, the arbiter in elegance at the English court, and was only discredited when Brummel introduced a more sober mode. Their rivalry began when Brummel bribed Coatsworth's valet to disclose the secret of that marvelous varnish which made Coatsworth's boots the most envied of his day. He never married, though he was rumored to have formed several irregular attachments about the Court. He died in comparative obscurity amid surroundings of decayed extravagance.—*Memoirs of Helen, Lady Etheridge.*

*The exquisite banality of rose and ivory:
Shadows of ivory carved into panels, stained
And decayed in the ceiling; rose color looped,
Casting a shadow of mauve; blown cherubs,
Bulging in silver,
Lift six tapers to the lighted mirror.*

*A dusk, deep as the under side of a rose,
Is curtained under the old bed-dome.
Contracting the coverlet, a shape lies,
Which may or may not be a man.*

*What thoughts should an old man have
In the London autumn,
Between dusk and darkness?
Behind the shrunken eyelids, what apparitions?
What pebbles rattle in a dry stream?*

*A boy with a pale lovely dissolute face
sprawled on the green baize, among the cards,
a Spanish pistol dropped from one hand.*

*Seen from the glazed squares of the Club, a street
cobbed with faces, bundles of rags and lice,
a yellow dwarf rising with protruding face.*

*Gilded Indian gamecocks, clawing blood
amid the clapping of pale hairless hands.*

*Lady Barfinger, masked in satin, disclosing her gums,
labored graces of a cracked coquette.*

*A Jew that came on sliding haunches,
crouched, and with distended palms whined for his
pledges.*

*Alvanley
embroidered in silver foil, poised at the court,
the ball a mirror of silvery Alvanleys.*

Phantoms under a cloudy ceiling, uneasy images;

*Sentences that never come to a period;
Thoughts of an old dandy, shrunk to a nightgown.*

The chamfered fall of silken rose—
muffling London and the autumn rain—
lifts and recurves;
a beautiful young man,
naked, but for a superb white tiewig,
moves in with the slow paces of a cardinal
dreaming on his cane.

The firelight blushes on the suave
thighs of the young man, as he glides
from his calm, with an inessential gesture,
to brush his tiewig. Palm upon knuckles,
fingers over the cane-head, he regards
amusedly his own face in the crystal.

—"Without my powdered curled peruke,
I were but a man. So, I am a dandy.

For what was there to do, being no god
burnished and strong, amorous of immortals,
but to escape this disappointing body—
punily erect, patched with scant hair,
rank in its smell, too—
by hiding it in silk and civet—adding to silver hair,
pomp of vermilion heels?

What else, indeed, unless to drown,
all naked, to drown all sense in wine?

They thought my wit was all in waistcoats,
my epigrams pointed but with dainty tassels,
when every ribbon that my fingers tied
protested with a fragile, indolent disdain
a world exquisitely old and gross and vain.

So I gave them my jest—

walking stark naked to the gaming room
where the preened dandies leaned across their cards.
their pale long fingers spread among the cards.

They laughed; I did not laugh: so old,
so pitiful, so pitiful,

so brutal and so dark, the buffoonery.
But the body's the jest of Another—I make my
obeisance!"

Young Coatsworth has become
a naked glimmer on the lighted glass,
fainter than the shimmer among rainy bees.

*An old man lies propped on a bed
Counting the candles of the empty glass,
An old man who has seen
His own youth walking in the room.*

The window silk puffs with a winter gust,
and Coatsworth, *aetatis suae* XXV,
flapped in gold braid, crinkled in air-blue,
with inscrutable precision
bows in a lady,
who repeats the scene with the graces of a marionette.
—"Madam," he says, addressing her panniers,
"your bodice is miraculously a double moonrise,
your throat the traditional swan's white,
but fuller; your lips an exciting cochineal.
But, in truth, love is at best
a fashionable intrigue, an accompliced secret,
unendurable without grated orris root.
Love remains to the proud mind
a ladder loosened from the brazen tower,
a furtive flight from the sentinelled domain
where self is utterly contained in self.
Though you ordered the death of a thousand roses,
I've caught the breath of a garden, where
no man has ever been, and the ripe fruit
drops through the tarnished air
unheeded, and yew trees are made peacocks.
I thank you for your horrible favors.
Adieu—"

The lady unravels to a ragged smoke;
Coatsworth darkens with blood like a satyr,

blushes in a burnish on the mirror,
burns, and is gone.

*The dry skull stretches regretful claws,
And the points of the tapers twist and bend—
Sallow fingers of Jewish usurers.*

A rapier flicks through the curtains,
like a needle of sunlight splintered on the sea.
Coatsworth presses before him—
back to the fireplace—a panting stripling.
A jet of wet red spurts from his shirt front;
the youth sinks and dribbles in blood through the
carpet.

“The end of such upstart heralds
As would bar my shield to the sinister.”
The reflected visage is rigid,
puckered thinly with wrinkles.
“What if I got my fingers’ trick—
whether with rapiers or puffing neckclothes—
from a confectioner of Bath
whose fastidious years were spent
tracing on cakes, white labyrinths of ice
squeezing pink fondant into petalled buds?
What that, overnight, through an open window,
he got me because a crooked pear tree
climbed to the window ledge?
No man’s to call me bastard.
I bear Lord Coatsworth’s name. I am his son!
And what’s a murder more or less
amid the inane fecundity of blood and sweat.
A barmaid and a groom repair the loss.”

The dead youth has subsided in blood,
leaving the floor unsoiled;
Coatsworth has leapt through the silvered glass,
leaving its flames unspoiled.

*His pallor stained by the rose dimmed dusk,
The old man lies on his curtained bed,*

*Whimpering like a beggar in a wet loft
When the wind's found the cracks and the straw is
cold.*

Coatsworth, modishly old, steps from the window
folds with a gesture consciously tragic;
stands for a moment
half Don Juan, half Childe Harold;
and stalks, a magpie motley,
black, buff and silver, up to the mirror.
He regards the vain, brave fall
of the surtout, the triple-tied neckcloth,
the bronze hair brushed as in busts of Nero—
then, with a posture almost Byronic,
confides, in silence.

“Amid the bumpers, the scaffoldings, the ilex cones,
I have ever worn the scorn of death
with the careless grace of a boutonnière.
But let me be buried with a fiery choir,
a scarlet and lace processional of boys,
and priests too old to lift their stiffened folds,
too wise to hold their clouded incense as a prayer.
Tie up my chin, lest I should smile.
And press into my hand my laurel cane
where Daphne, with blown crinkled hair, feels the
hard wood invade her silver thighs;
leave me my snuff-box for its musty yawn
and for its intricate cool ivory
showing an April faun at his desires;
probate my will, offer my house for rent.

I had thought to find a languor; to attain
a gallant crudition in the snuff-box and the cane;
to restore a tarnished splendor,
ceremonious as stole,
gorgeous like a vestment—yet urbane;
between the opening and the closing of the doors,
to have stood between the sconces, ripe in silk,

ancestral laces falling to a sword;
reflected in the parquetry, to dream
of Giorgone in a tricorn, and high wigs
powdered with palest silver, piled like clouds;
of odorous mummied rose, grown dusty with a queen,
tender and slight and proud.

But I have sat so long
before so many mirrors, I'm afraid,
afraid at last that I may be
a shadow of masks and rapiers between the
girandoles,
A satin phantom, gone when the wax is down."

He becomes a toothless grimace
between the moveless cherubs, silver blown.

*Under the lustred bed-dome, in the curtained dusk,
A throat moans—the sudden and lonely
Cry of one long ridden by a nightmare,
Who wakes and finds it is no dream.*

*Old Coatsworth unravels from the bed clothes—
A ghost unwinding its burial linen—
And stands, toes clutched and indrawn,
Ridiculously muffled in linen ruffles;
Totters slowly to the glass
To find therein, grinning wide with terror,
The toothless mist of the last apparition.
Shrieking, he plucks a candle from its socket
And drives the double flame into darkness.
Another, another, another;
Four tapers extinguish their windy stains
In a smear of wax on the mirror.
Another flame drops from a bony claw.
Like the drums of a defeat, his heart sounds.
And he peers at the dwindling face in the mirror—
The face of a dandy brought to a shroud.*

*Clutching the last tremulous candle
The old dandy sways;*

*Clings to the air,
And sinks in a slow movement of exhausted mirth.
The mirror is heavy with shadows
And a white candle spreads a film on the hearthstone.*

Vanity Fair

John Peale Bishop

A NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY

Under Monadnock,
Fold on fold,
The world's fat kingdoms
Lie unrolled.

Far in the blue south
City-smoke, swirled,
Marks the dwellings
Of the kings of the world.

Old kings and broken,
Soon to die,
Once you had little,
As little as I.

Smoke of the city,
Blow in my eyes—
Blind me a little,
Make me wise.

Dust of the city,
Blow and gust—
Make me, like all men,
Color of dust.

I stand on Monadnock,
And seem to see
Brown and purple kingdoms
Offered to me.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Morris Bishop

ECCLESIASTES

In the smoke-blue cabaret
She sang some comic thing:
I heeded not at all
Till "Sing!" she cried, "Sing!"
So I sang in tune with her
The only song I know:
"The doors shall be shut in the streets,
And the daughters of music brought low."

Her eyes and working lips
Gleamed through the cruddled air—
I tried to sing with her
Her song of devil-may-care.
But in the shouted chorus
My lips would not be stilled:
"The rivers run into the sea,
Yet the sea is not filled."

Then one came to my table
Who said, with a laughing glance,
"If that is the way you sing,
Why don't you learn to dance?"
But I said: "With this one song
My heart and lips are cumbered—
'The crooked cannot be made straight,
Nor that which is wanting, numbered.'

"This song must I sing,
Whatever else I covet—
Hear the end of my song,
Hear the beginning of it:
'More bitter than death the woman
(Beside me still she stands)
Whose heart is snares and nets,
And whose hands are bands.'"

THE WEAVER

The shuttles of the sun fly fast
Between a warp of boughs;
The master weaver's at his work,
Fulfilling all his vows.

In spring, his loom is full of bloom,
In summer full of green;
But when the crickets wake and sing,
His Tyrian wares are seen.

With royal purple, red and gold,
With brown, or silver gray,
He dowers each weed and bush and tree—
Then wanders far away.

He fares unto a realm of snow,
To test more subtle gleams;
On wintry nights, his Northern Lights
Are shuttles, weaving dreams.

The Chicago Tribune

Charles G. Blanden

OVERTONES

So softly sang a bird,
So gently flowed the stream,
The overtone I heard
Perchance was but a dream.

One spake so sweet and low,
And went so soon away,
My heart will never know
What thrilled it yesterday.

The Chicago Tribune

Charles G. Blanden

YESTERDAY

All days gone by are one with Yesterday:
Then yesterday it was that Helen shone,
And Homer sung, and rose the Parthenon;
'Twas yesterday the Greeks were crowned with bay
And flowers, and every marble-gleaming way
Festooned for Salamis or Marathon;
'Twas yesterday the Jews in Babylon
Were slaves; the Nazarene in prison lay.
Loud thunder, yesterday, shook heaven and earth;
One sound was Lexington, one Waterloo,
And one was from the Marne; yea, all events
Mingle; and we who yesterday had birth,
And may perchance not live this bright morn through,
Are but as foam upon a sea immense.

The Chicago Tribune

Charles G. Blanden

LITTLE WINDOWS

I

From dusk to dawn, the worlds on high
In haughty splendor pass—
Give me the friendly worlds that lie
At morn upon the grass.

II

The wood burns down to embers,
The embers fall to ashes;
But still my heart remembers
To warm its cold Decembers
At fires beneath your lashes.

III

I did not see you draw;
So swift the thrust you made,

I did not feel the blade;
'Twas only when I saw
The hate within your eye,
Love felt that he must die.

IV

From Arcady to Avalon
Are many roads to go:
Through foamy lanes of azure seas,
Through mountain trails of snow.
I'll take a shorter way, tonight,
Adown a moonlit stream;
From Arcady to Avalon
I'll journey in a dream.

The Chicago Tribune

Charles G. Blanden

DEAR MINNA

I

Catastrophe in a bric-a-brac shop.
The proprietor lies murdered.
Pieces of jars, cups, and vases
Have attained the disorderly freedom
That is so objectionable
To scholars and bankrupt fanatics.
Once the jars, cups, and vases
Were unyielding and symmetrical
And immersed in their task of holding nothing.
Now they rest in pieces;
Spell many an accidental sentence;
Renounce the hollow lie.
O Death, you shatter objects
That were small and inflexible
And give them little mysterious
Possibilities.

And we are grateful to you for that.
Our eyes become weary scanning the living array.
Each man takes his inch of belief
Upon the Shelves, and will not move.
Soon we know what he will say;
Know the accompanying gestures
That he will never forsake;
Know the exact amount of space
To which he insists on reducing his grace.
Yet we must continue to see and listen!

II

Dear Minna, visit the orderly salons
And look for missing Fixtures.
Another poet or critic may be dead,
Bringing to us our bit of pleasure.
Dear Minna, buy the newspapers
And read the relieving list of deaths.
Banker, Freudian, and Dadaist
Knocked from the bric-a-brac Shelves
And altered to uncertain shadows,
Exquisitely invisible, inviting
Curiosity and conjecture.
It is well that we are metaphysical.
We must not lose the only delight
That springs from peering at the living figures.
Death must not become
A mere black frame surrounding
The memorized reiterations.
Death must remain a surmise;
Swallower of all traditions.
And against his black must appear
The colored gymnastics of words;
The antics of unchained ideas;
The "minor" and "decadent" host.

III

Dear Minna, insanity
Is the rapture with which certain men

Discover new combinations of words
Accidentally released
By a convulsion within their heads.
When the catastrophe occurs
The cups, jars, and vases are broken
And wild hands play with them.
Dear Minna, I love the promises
Of insanity rounding your face.
But be not always spontaneous.
Let your madness approach
Objects, with a conscious gallantry—
The first note in perfection.

The Nation

Maxwell Bodenheim

TWO SONNETS TO MY WIFE

I

Because her voice is Schönberg in a dream
In which his harshness plays with softer keys
This does not mean that it is void of ease
And cannot gather to a strolling gleam.
Her voice is full of manners, and they seem
To place a masquerade on thought and tease
Its strength until it finds that it has knees,
And whimsically leaves its heavy scheme.

Discords can be the search of harmony
For worlds that lie beyond the reach of poise
And must be captured with abandoned hands.
The music of my wife strives to be free,
And often takes a light unbalanced voice
While madly walking over thoughtful lands.

II

My wife relents to life and does not speak
Each moment with a deft and rapid note.

Sometimes a clumsy weirdness finds her throat
And ushers in a music that is weak
And bargains with the groping of her heart.
But even then she plays with graver tones
That do not sell themselves to laughs and moans,
But seek the counsel of a deeper art.

She drapes her loud emotions in a shroud
Of glistening thought that waves above their dance,
And sometimes parts to show their startled eyes.
The depths of mind within her have not bowed
To sleek emotion with its amorous glance.
She slaps its face and laughs at its surprise!

The Measure

Maxwell Bodenheim

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A BALLET

Raise the right foot—bound in sheer
Reasons of white and gold—
One inch from the black stage-floor.
Then perform these torpid words:
“Money is dangerous to men:
It shames the clearness of their thoughts.”
After thus accounting
For the loquacious smallness
Of those rare gifts that come from doubting men,
Tear the left foot vigorously
From the black grip of the floor,
And attend its nakedness
With this coronation of words:
“Money is emptiness
Curiously violated by colour.
Crown it with originality
That burns with careless discernment,
And amaze the limpid
Familiarity of Time.”

After thus accounting
For an improbable situation,
Abandon the farce and shrewdly
Tiptoe across the stage,
Peering down at your feet
And mistaking their lean mysteries
For possibilities in syncopation.
Having thus emulated
The tension of a psycho-analyst
Who confuses routines with causes,
Suddenly kneel upon the floor,
Limp with the collapse of sightless longing,
And raise one hand to the sky
While clenching the other hand at your audience,
Of Occidental religions.
Then dance across the stage,
Giving complex decisions to your legs
And interrupting the dance with a pause
In which you question its cumbersome cause.
Having thus defended
The broken rhythm of Western philosophers—
Sprinkled with a carnival of details—
Change the dance to a borrowed waltz,
Picking suave tricks from a harp
That lacks an ascending scale of notes,
And insisting that the result is music.
The end of the ballet should portray
A gradual sinking to the floor,
With plentiful whispers resenting
The final intrusion of Buddha.

The Dial

Maxwell Bodenheim

MEMORY

Do not guard this as rich stuff without mark
Closed in a cedarn dark,
Nor lay it down with tragic masks and greaves
Licked by the tongues of leaves.

Nor let it be as eggs under the wings
Of helpless startled things,
Nor encompassed by song, nor any glory
Perverse and transitory.

Rather, like shards and straw upon coarse ground,
Of little worth when found:
Rubble in gardens, it and stones alike,
That any spade may strike.

The New Republic

Louise Bogan

WOMEN

Women have no wilderness in them,
They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

They do not see cattle cropping red winter grass,
They do not hear
Snow water going down under culverts
Shallow and clear.

They wait, when they should turn to journeys,
They stiffen, when they should bend.
They use against themselves that benevolence
To which no man is friend.

They cannot think of so many crops to a field
Or of clean wood cleft by an axe.
Their love is an eager meaninglessness
Too tense or too lax.

They hear in any whisper that speaks to them
A shout and a cry.
As like as not, when they take life over their door-sill
They should let it go by.

The Measure

Louise Bogan

THE ALCHEMIST

I burned my life, that I might find
A passion wholly of the mind,
Thought divorced from eye and bone
Ecstasy come to breath alone.
I broke my life, to seek relief
From the flawed light of love and grief.

With mounting beat, the utter fire
Charred existence and desire.
It died low, ceased its sudden thresh.
I had found unmysterious flesh
Not the mind's avid substance, still
Passionate beyond the will.

The New Republic

Louise Bogan

THE CROWS

The woman who has grown old
And knows desire must die,
Yet turns to love again,
Hears the crows' cry.

She is a stem long hardened,
A weed that no scythe mows.
The heart's laughter will be to her
The crying of the crows,

Who slide in the air with the same voice
Over what yields not and what yields,
Alike in spring, or when there is only bitter
Winter burning in the fields.

The Literary Review,

N. Y. Evening Post

Louise Bogan

CLOUDS

Clouds always seem such helpless things
When slapped by wind across the skies,
Or torn to feathery flecks and strings
If winds blow counterwise.

And anyone, observing, sees
With something that is almost pain
Their reaching down at roofs and trees
With fragile hands of rain.

The Lyric West

O. J. Bowles

THE SURPRISE

Life is full of subtle things,
Singular surprises:
Splendid memories hide their wings
Under quaint disguises.

That old lady over there
With the crooked bonnet,
Once her gay and piquant air
May have bred a sonnet.

That forlorn, unshaven wretch,
All in rags and tatters,
May have let his fancy stretch
To diviner matters.

I myself, too pale and old
Longer to aspire,
Under my demeanor cold
Nurse celestial fire.

The Outlook

Gamaliel Bradford

CHERRY-BUDS

When cherry-buds appear
And the dainty May is young,
The joys of love, my dear,
Should not be said or sung.

And when the autumn leaf
Is dying, dying, dead,
Love in its lonely grief
Should not be sung or said.

Tempo

Gamaliel Bradford

A COMMON CASE

She tossed a soul
In the air for sport;
But she missed her goal
And her aim fell short,
And she let it lie
In a dark, dark place,
And wither and die—
Just a common case.

Voices

Gamaliel Bradford

THE THING TO DO

For, after all, the thing to do
Is just to put your heart in song,
To let your passions glimmer through,
Your whole life, be it right or wrong.

And some will laugh and some will frown,
And some will shake their heads and sigh,
"These things should not be written down"—
But all will listen eagerly.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

THE ANNIVERSARY

The mighty tides of fate still ebb and flow.
The mighty moons of fortune wax and wane.
Death and disaster out of pleasure grow
And God's high ecstasy returns again.

Some green, delightful oases are found
In the enormous desert of despair,
Some lovely acres of enchanted ground,
Some sunny regions of celestial air.

But that which grows where nothing flourisheth,
And that which blooms where ruin else would be,
And that which heals the sting of even death
Is love—and I love thee and thou lov'st me.

Scribner's Magazine

Gamaliel Bradford

THE FABRIC

She could untangle without scandal
The complicated threads of Fate,
Was amply competent to handle
Her stocks and bonds and real estate.

She thought she could maintain unbattered
The fine, firm fabric of her wits;
And then love came along, and shattered
The structure into little bits.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

ILLIMITABLE

Parting love, far-fled content,
Illimitable woe—
For a thousand kisses spent
Kiss me, and I will go.

Age with all its wrinkled fret
Waits us ere we know,
Age, the nurse of pale regret—
Kiss me, and I will go.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

AFTERMATH

Dear, they are singing your praises,
Now you are gone.
But only I saw your going,
I . . . alone . . . in the dawn.

Dear, they are weeping about you,
Now you are dead,
And they've placed a granite stone
Over your head.

I cannot cry any more,
Too burning deep is my grief. . . .
I dance through my spendthrift days
Like a fallen leaf.

Faster and faster I whirl
Toward the end of my days.
Dear, I am drunken with sadness,
And lost down strange ways.

If only the dance would finish
Like a flash in the sky . . . oh, soon,
If only a storm would come shouting—
Hurl me past stars and moon!

The Liberator

Louise Bryant

DONALD EVANS

So I shall never hear from his own lips
That things had gone too ill with him awhile
Nor ever see again, but in eclipse,
The brown precision of his smile.

It does not seem his way at all,
To shoot no firecracker to a friend
But to make the usual interval
Unusual and finite and an end.

It is not hushed, like other deaths, nor grim,
Nor tragic nor heroic news,
But more as if we had not noticed him
Go by on lightly squeaking shoes

And down the coffins of the race
Tiptoe and stumble till he found his own,
Then clear his throat and decorate his face
With the consummate silence of a stone.

The Dial

Witter Bynner

PAX

Our Father Who, in clay
From Eden, set that root
Through which to Thee we may
Yield goodly deeds as fruit
Of faith man offers up
With Sacrificial Cup:

We hail Thee, One of Three,
Sole Power Whose purpose sealed
Thy Word, the Peace-Decree,
Through Whom Thou wert revealed;
O Sire of Shepherd, yea,
Of fold, and flock astray!

And Thou, Peace-Prince, in Whom
Both King and Priest are blent;
Whose Lateran Upper Room
First throned Thy Sacrament—
Thyself—Whose Vatican
Is now the heart of man:
We hail Thee Christ, withal,
Who left in Peter's care
Thy Keys Pontifical;
O Thou Who didst not spare
That very Self of Thine
Concealed in Bread and Wine!

Thou, too, O Living Light
In Glory's vesture-gold,
Whose pallium (as white
As Lamb in Heaven's Fold)
Binds Thee, with crosiered Son
And Shepherd's Sire, as One:
We hail Thee, lingering Dove,
At hover in the dome
Rock-pillared; Thou above
The cathedra of Rome,
O Truth Who may but rest
Within the Spouse's breast!

Thou Hidden All Whom speech
Of creature may not name
In order, since that Each
In glory is the same;
O Sacred, Triple-Crowned
Supremacy profound!

On this Thy Sabbath feast,
Thrice Holy, do Thou deign
To bless our Sovereign Priest
So that, through him, his reign
May win that peace but won
Through Mercy's benison.

Even as Nature's green
Doth shine with hope in Thee—
Thy Vicaress, the Queen
Of that Theocracy
Which Thou dost rule through her
Whose edicts may not err—
So shine the emerald beams
Of hope from Peter's gem,
O Thou Whose ruby gleams
With rays of love on them:
Thy Vicar, Holiness,
And Beauty's Vicaress!

Hail, Triarchy! Immerse
Thy blessed olive bough
In rain-bow, and asperse
Souls militant whom Thou
Dost ever lead afield
Through him who may not yield;
Yea, even as he at Mass
Sends forth the pax of Christ
So that the kiss may pass
To Redeemed from Sacrificed,
May fostering Pius thus
Pass on Thy peace to us

And if Thy Justice still
Wouldst chasten home and mart
With sword, deign Thou to will
Tranquillity of heart
To her whose hallowed blade
Is ever drawn in aid

Of our dread battlefare.

Ah! then her children, far
Yet ever near, would share
That peace which Michael's War
Broke not in Heaven—that great
True peace of soul and State.

Grant such, O Trinal Mace.

Through Thy Vicegerent's See
To men in whom Thy grace
Prompts each, as child, to plea:
O Father, Sanctifier
And Saviour—Triune Sire!
Deliver us from ill,
If not from war and strife
Permitted here until,
With branch from Tree of Life
Thy Dove wings o'er the dark
Of doom to Peter's Ark.

Lead Thou, Paternal Hand

In Whom Thy peoples trust,
All hearts in every land
From bonds, and ways unjust,
Yea, draw by Adam's cords,
Tiaraed Lord of Lords,
Our souls to peace of Heaven
Who wait the Sign of Love
In benediction given
From Balcony Above;
Thou Crosier, Sceptre, Rod,
August Almighty God!

Trinity Sunday, 1922
The Catholic World

Francis Carlin

TO MY LITTLE SON

I cannot lose the thought of you;
It haunts me like a little song;
It blends with all I see or do
Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,
And that one stinging memory:
Your brave smile broken with a sob
Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak;
The arms that would not come undone;
The kiss so salty on your cheek;
The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more, it seemed;
But now I don't know what to say:
It's harder than I ever dreamed
With you so far away.

Leavenworth
The Liberator

Ralph Chaplin

BOOKS AND READING

These journals, notes, and missives of the dead—
These poems of all ages—form a kind
Of ever fresh ambrosia for the mind;
And we like half-gods, as it were, cloud-fed
On song and thought and parable, break bread
With all the wits and poets of mankind,
Who looked on life and left their souls behind
With ours immortally companionèd.

Rather than honors, riches, and renown—

By heaven, I'd rather be like one of those!—

One who in thought so close enwrapped himself
As to live penniless and die unknown,
Leaving no record of his joys or woes,
Save a small volume on the scholar's shelf.

The Yale Review

John Jay Chapman

THE GRANDFATHER

There's a kind of morning prayer

In the air

That recalls the song and praise

Of other days,

And the lilacs all in bloom,

And the sunny breakfast-room—

Open windows to the ground

All around;

Lawns a-glitter with the dew,

Scents from many a field and flower

In that early, quiet hour

Greeted you.

For, in coming down the stairs

You could smell delicious airs—

The whole country-place seemed theirs;

Were they creeping in to prayers,

Or passing through,

Or visiting the vases freshly set

On the mantel, in the corner cabinet?

Was it lilies, was it pinks or mignonette?

What they were I'll hardly say—

Roses, roses anyway!

I smell them yet.

Just a morn like this, and then

Came the maids (there were no men)

One or two

Decent maids; then jolly children not a few.

And with shuffling of the chairs

They prepared the place for prayers,
 Romp through;
And scarcely grew more tame
When the silent moment came.
 For they knew
When Grandpapa appeared
He was little to be feared
 By the crew.
And their mothers were in bed.
(For surely for such notions
As family devotions
 There's little to be said.)

So the ancient prayers were read
 By that brilliant-eyed old man,
Full of reverence, full of grace,
 To the children of his clan
In the quaint old country-place
That had nursed the elder race
 With its bloom.
And he kneeled where they had kneeled,
And the odors of the field
 Filled the room.

Scribner's Magazine

John Jay Chapman

SUMMER'S ADIEU

The lanes are green; the skies, bedight
 With puffs of fleecy clouds, are bright;
All else, asleep—you'd almost guess—
 In deep midsummer leafiness.
But ah, the twinkling poplar-spray!
 A little breeze has found its way
Under the beech and cherry tree,
 Penetrating busily,
Muttering as it passed the dell
To every fern: "Awake, farewell!"

They stir, they flutter, shift and search
Like maiden dames that doze in church;
Fan themselves and blink again,
While the parson drones, Amen;
Then the summery sleep descends
Half-way before the sermon ends.

Another gust: the gossip leaves,
Roused by the rustle of the sheaves
In neighbor corn-fields, catch the news
And waft each other fond adieux.
Oh, a joyous scene is then
Acted in every little glen;
For the branches toss their tresses
In good-byes that are caresses:—
Farewell, sisters, we have known
Secrets to the world unshown,
Friendships, follies all our own;
All day long such merry meetings,
With our eager whispered greetings;
Sober talks, amusing chatter,
Scandal sweet, and idle patter
On some dear delicious matter;
Starry nights when we have stood
Bathed in a beatitude
By the still, celestial mirth
Of the silent midnight earth;
Fleeting dreamlands when the moon
Swam like a dolphin in a swoon
O'er the mist-encumbered meadows
Chasing the affrighted shadows,
And the daylight came too soon.
We have lived and counted gain
Shower and sunshine, mist or rain,
Loved and lived and loved again.

Thus the leaves in every dell
Bend and nod and bid farewell.

Scribner's Magazine

John Jay Chapman

LINCOLN

He walked among us and we passed him by
And thought him but a country lawyer, crude
As our red prairies are, and more than rude
Who reveled in his jokes and deviltry.
We could not know the heart within that breast
Until the blood flowed freely from the wound
A madman made; then was it that we found
That God had loaned us for a time His Best.
And now the nations, since their kings are gone,
Have taken him across the wide-flung sea
To rule their hearts as well as ours; to be
The goal of their desires, with breaking dawn.

The Living Church

Thomas Curtis Clark

UPON READING A VOLUME OF ANCIENT CHINESE POETRY

And here, in this old book, we find discussed
The themes we choose today: business and toil,
Knowledge and fame, weariness born of moil,
Daydreams of youth, visions of love and lust;
Whether it pays to work that one may live,
Whether it pays to live, if work is all;
How one may think great thoughts in one room small,
How one may gain great wealth, if he but give;
Here one may learn the foolishness of pride,
The curse of gold; and here are saintly prayers
For high celestial joys: by mystic stairs
These old philosophers and poets tried
To burst the doors of heaven, as do we—
And as they will who after us shall be.

The Chicago Post

Thomas Curtis Clark

THREE GREAT LADIES

They seemed a sort of frame for the town's life,
In their old houses, wide with porch and wing,
Bowered with syringa, snowdrop, flowering currant,
On a green street of elms and lawns and leisure,
A quarter of a century ago;
Three powerful New England Abbesses
Dwelling secluded in their Priors.

I

THE VICTORIAN

She drove behind an ambling chestnut horse
In a high stilted buggy; at home she rolled
Like a plump pea about the stately pod
Of her centennial house. She lived at ease
On the invested habits saved and stored
For seventy years; and kept her bygone place
As the Preceptor's wife she once had been,
Up at the old Academy. Plump and smooth
Were her jowls, like an infant's; and not more
Tranquil an infant's breath in sleep, than heaved
The small round of her bodice in the sermon.
When she took lilies-of-the-valley down
To lay them alongside the Latin stone
Upon her scholar-husband's mossy grave
She stooped with placid eyes, and turned away
With placid eyes, contented with herself,
(Or so, at any rate, I always judged)
To think that she had not forgotten him.

II

THE AMAZON

The ample body of this Amazon
(Or if you like to call her an old Roman)
Was like a porcelain stove, where late at night,
Richly and gustily her spirit crackled.

Her tongue was like a flag ripped with the wind.
Her church was one exotic in New England;
And by her countenance there must have been
Latin or Oriental blood in her.
Her ancestors were canny mountain lawyers,
Judges, commissioners, and Congressmen,
Who in their boyhood, ploughing out the rocks
From their broad, beautiful and barren fields,
Held open in the other hand their Blackstone.
This their descendant jeered at sorrow and want,
Dared her old age to come upon her, found
Her loneliness a tonic. In the end,
In her last illness, in her ninetieth year,
She seemed, like a hawk, to fly into the face
Of her own death, and beat it with fierce wings.

III

THE VESTAL

Those thickly gathered, uniformly brown
Skirts, and brown comb in sleekly parted hair,
Still seem to me more nunlike than the veil;
And she more delicately virginal
Than the most soft young sylph; more innocent
Her worn, enduring body of eighty years.
Her pleasant patrimony all was spent
In her fond brother's ventures; she began,
In comfort-loving middle age, to save,
Closely to save and turn; I will not say
To scrimp, of what was so serenely done,
With such a dedicated firmness. More,
As years went by, her face, her house, her ways,
Withdrew into their mould. Time made her face
More and more gaunt, more rigorous and more sweet;
Her house more mystic, stately and forlorn;
It's pictures more symbolic and more strange,—
Pictures of heaven, and of pilgrimage.
Through downward shutters scarcely did the sun
Force in a lath of light to show their strangeness.

Order and peace in her cold kitchen; order
And peace in her faintly warmed sitting-room.
Something about it made you fanciful;
A person might imagine that he heard
Beating of wings, hushed beating of the wings
Of her familiar saint of self-control.

Scribner's Magazine

Sarah N. Cleghorn

MOUNTAINS

It's fenced all round with mountains where we live,
"Like as Jerusalem," the Bible says;
You know, "as round about Jerusalem."
Some people feel the mountains "*on their chests*";
They feel them like forbidding walls, they say,
That scant the winter days, and darken them.
But that's not true; for winter afternoons
Are pieced out by the long-drawn afterglow.
Blaze Mountain must have got its name from that,
Although it's not like firelight, but darker,
More purpling; cooler. The artist that comes here
Has never painted Blaze. His favorite
Is Bald Fowl; but he doesn't call it Bald Fowl.
He calls it Eagle Peak, or Lair of the Winds.
"Lair of the Winds by Moonlight" was one picture.
Blueberry Mountain, Blaze, and Catamount
Are all more suitable, I think, to paint;
They're closer wooded, and a rounder shape.
Or Windward Mountain; for it has a rock,
A kind of castle cliff, that strangers take
For a hotel, sometimes.

On Blueberry

There is a pond, where Daniel Webster came
And made a speech, some eighty years ago;
And all the villages, for miles around,
Went up with toy log-cabins and hard cider
Free for all comers. Strangers always say
We ought to mark the spot; but it's well known.

The one I like the best is Pioneer,
Chiefly, I guess, because I used to live
Over the saddle of it, in a town
So little, and so backward, it's gone out
Like damp leaves in a bonfire. And our house,
Our square one-chimneyed house, our sagging barn,
Our lilacs, locusts, and great wineglass elm—
The deer stray all over the old place now.
I saw a young fawn in the schoolhouse door,
And I was half afraid the timbers might
Fall in and break its pretty, fragile spine.
I frightened it away, and it ran down
Right over where we used to keep our bees,
And made me think of the last night my brother
Julius . . . my youngest brother . . . was alive.
—But that was years and years and years ago.

That long blue mountain, Lebanon, on the west,
Has always seemed to me a fairy place,
Largely, I take it, from its Bible name:
“Cedars of Lebanon”; I used to think
There must be cedars on the other side,
For I could see the kind of woods on this side;
Maples and birches—white and yellow birches,
Hemlock and spruce and patches of dark pine.
But there was more than cedars calling me
To Lebanon; a village over there
Beyond the Hollow, where I had a cousin . . .

The Nation

Sarah N. Cleghorn

THE VERMONTER DEPARTING

He drove alone beside his sugar bush;
His measure-pacing horse was not quite slow
Enough to let him fill his deepening eyes
With the wine-washed November afterglow.

In silence sunk, he took the windy turn
Round the gulfed woods, and past the Tories' well.
The falls of Little River in his ears
(Or in his memory!) sounded like a shell.

The mountains had been hidden. Now, near home,
He saw them: Windward, in its barren pride;
Blaze, with its sunset rocks; and Pioneer,
The cloven giant of that countryside.

Their leaflessness, their stillness and their age
He let his spirit drink. He slowed again
His ancient horse, and stayed to look his fill
All that last hour before the evening train.

Everybody's Magazine

Sarah N. Cleghorn

FIVE INCONSEQUENTIAL CHARMS

CHARM FOR A SILVER SPOON

Spoon, O spoon,
Wrought from thin silver,
Bright as a small moon,
Drollest and most companionable
Of all utensils of the housewife's table,
Be serviceable beside my cup of tea
And by the fire share bread and milk with me.

CHARM ON MAKING A BED

With sheets cool and smooth
I bid you bring rest,

With the fleece of soft blankets
Lap warmly the spirit,

With the quaintness of quilts
Give whimsical dreams.

CHARM FOR RUNNING WATER

Hesitator,
Faltering from pool to pool,
Leaping like a child,
Or a fawn
Among the rocks,
Leaf-dappled,
Wild and sweet,
Turn not from us
Languid with summer.

CHARM FOR THE DISREPUTABLE CROWS

Crow! crow!
Ironie and rusty,
Raucous-voiced, heavy-winged,
Tattered and dusty,
Tramp bird, scamp bird,
I beg you to fly
In grotesque grandeur
Against my sky.

CHARM FOR A JAR

All the flowers of the garden
Fresh from dew and slant of sunlight
Fresh from song and the loam's clinging,
Beg your kindness, foster-mother.

The Double Dealer

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

REFLECTION

Geraniums . . .

Who ever heard that Sappho put
Geraniums in her hair?

Or thought that Cleopatra brushed
Her long Greek face against their petals?

Did Beatrice carry them?
Or any bird sigh out his wild-fire heart
In passion for them?

Yet sparrows, far outnumbering nightingales,
Have gossiped under their tomato cans,
And lonely spinsters loved them more than cats,
And living girls have felt quite festive, going
Down vulgar streets
With such unsubtle gaiety at their belts.

The Dial

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

SEA QUATRAINS

I

Too fast the silly white-caps run
Their helter-skelter races;
They stumble when the goal is won
And fall upon their faces.

II

A purple light is shaken over
The greener ocean shadows,
Like clover on the cooler depths
Of grass in upland meadows.

III

The sea hangs kelp upon the sand
Like garlands on a grave,
Mourning the dead and silent land
With every living wave.

IV

The breakers thunder in the night
With which the sea is drenched.
Only one plunging line is white;
Even the stars are quenched.

V

The fairest ship ever a wreck
 Had not so white a sail
 As this fair wave cast up to break,
 Driven before the gale.

Poetry, Magazine of Verse

Grant H. Code

PRAISE FOR AN URN

(In Memoriam E. N.)

It was a kind and northern face
 That mingled in such exile guise
 The everlasting eyes of Pierrot
 And, of Gargantua, the laughter.

His thoughts, delivered to me
 From the white coverlet and pillow,
 I see now, were inheritances—
 Delicate riders of the storm.

The slant moon on the slanting hill
 Once moved us toward presentiments
 Of what the dead keep, living still,
 And such assessments of the soul

As, perched in the crematory lobby,
 The insistent clock commented on,
 Touching as well upon our praise
 Of glories proper to the time.

Still, having in mind gold hair,
 I cannot see that broken brow
 And miss the dry sound of bees
 Stretching across a lucid space.

Scatter these well meant idioms
 Into the smoky spring that fills
 The suburbs, where they will be lost.
 They are no trophies of the sun.

The Dial

Hart Crane

POEM

Always before your voice my soul
half-beautiful and wholly droll
is as some smooth and awkward foal,
whereof young moons begin
the newness of his skin,

so of my stupid sincere youth
the exquisite failure uncouth
discovers a trembling and smooth
Unstrength, against the strong
silences of your song;

or as a single lamb whose sheen
of full unsheared fleece is mean
beside its lovelier friends, between
your thoughts more white than wool
My thought is sorrowful:

but my heart smote in painful thirds
of anguish quivers to your words,
As to a flight of thirty birds
shakes with a thickening fright
the sudden fooled light.

it is the autumn of a year:
When through the thin air stooped with fear,
across the harvest whitely peer
empty of surprise
death's faultless eyes

(whose hand my folded soul shall know
while on faint hills do frailly go
The peaceful terrors of the snow,
and before your dead face
which sleeps, a dream shall pass)

and these my days their sounds and flowers
Fall in a pride of petalled hours,
like flowers at the feet of mowers
whose bodies strong with love
through meadows hugely move.

Yet what am I that such and such
mysteries very simply touch
me, whose heart-wholeness overmuch
Expects of your hair pale,
a terror musical?

while in an earthless hour my fond
soul seriously yearns beyond
this fern of sunset frond on frond
opening in a rare
Slowness of gloried air . . .

The flute of morning stilled in noon—
noon the implacable bassoon—
now Twilight seeks the thrill of moon,
washed with a wild and thin
despair of violin.

The Dial

E. E. Cummings

HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES

I worship the greatest first—
(it were sweet, the couch,
the brighter ripple of cloth
over the dipped fleece;
the thought: her bones
under the flesh are white
as when sand along a beach
covers but *keeps* the print

of the crescent shapes beneath.
I thought: so her body lies
between cloth and fleece.)

I worship first, the great—
(ah sweet, your eyes—
what God, invoked in Crete,
gave them the gift to part
as the Sidonion myrtle-flower,
suddenly wide and swart;
then swiftly,
the eyelids having provoked our hearts—
as suddenly beat and close.)

I worship the feet, flawless,
that haunt the hills—
(ah sweet, dare I think,
beneath fetter of golden clasp,
of the rhythm, the fall and rise
of yours, carven, slight
beneath straps of gold that keep
their slender beauty caught,
like wings and bodies
of trapped birds.)

I worship the greatest first—
(suddenly into my brain—
the flash of sun on the snow,
the edge of light and the drift,
the crest and the hill-shadow—
ah, surely now I forget,
ah splendour, my goddess turns:
or was it the sudden heat—
on the wrist— of the molten flesh
and veins' quivering violet?)

The Bookman

H. D.

TO SOME MODERN POETS

Your names are like decapitated giants bleeding black
oblivion;
You are the frail voices.
The indomitable rhythm of beauty writhes under the
claws of your pens;
Your eyes are twin candles burning flames of yearning
desire toward the high, sacred altar of poesy.
All that you sought to attain has eluded you;
You have tried, and your day is passing.
Yet grieve not;
Much that charms is small and fleeting
To the greatness of eternity.
The earth is a tiny shadow tottering on the edge of
death;
The moon is a throb of splendor in the heart of night;
And the stars are ephemera in the long gaze of God.
So grieve not
That your poems are the cool, fresh grass of a short
summer;
The flowers are few.

The Century Magazine

Pascal D'Angelo

SONG OF LIGHT

The sun robed with noons stands on the pulpit of
heaven,
Like an anchorite preaching his faith of light to listening
space.

And I am one of the sun's lost words,
A ray that pierces through endless emptiness on
emptiness,
Seeking in vain to be freed of its burden of splendor.

The Bookman

Pascal D'Angelo

MIDDAY

The road is like a little child running ahead of me
and then hiding behind a curve—
Perhaps to surprise me when I reach there.

The sun has built a nest of light under the eaves of
noon;
A lark drops down from the cloudless sky
Like a singing arrow, wet with blue, sped from the
bow of space.

But my eyes pierce the soft azure, far, far beyond,
To where roam eternal lovers
Along the broad blue ways
Of silence.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Pascal D'Angelo

WORDS

If music could be loosened from its bars,
And melody could rise untrammelled, high!
Beating impetuous wings against the sky,
Tearing in passion at the shaken stars;
If music could hold color of wild birds
Deep ivory-black, rose madder, crystal jade,
And moon-blown gold, and every tint and shade,—
Then music would be beautiful as words.

Words give earth color and all harmonies.
The scarlet sounds Giovanni's rage imbued
With crimson—such, tint Mycerinus' knees;
Song flamed on Tristan's lips when Iseult wooed;
And viols sobbed in mauve, words Mary said,
When she stood white, above her Wordless Dead.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Power Dalton

CHANGELING

I do not understand
My changeling self at all,
Why should my heart answer
A wild bird's call?

Why should dancing iris,
Sandaled by a pool,
Burn my eyes with sudden tears—
Make me play the fool?

Oh, I ache with longing
Reaching to the sky,
I, an earthly creature,
Yearning so to fly!

Why is loveliness a sword
Thrusting deep in me,
Wounding me because my arms
Cannot hold the sea?

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Power Dalton

ZENITH

Urns of Carrara marble I have seen,
Pale as the lily maid's white violet face,
Urns delicately wrought as fine old lace,
Woundingly beautiful in curve and sheen;
Bright alabaster urns, and ivory
Translucent as dim mist that veils a star,
Flagons of silver, bluer than wind-rays are,
And exquisite as Mozart melody;
Frail china cups of beryl and chrysoprase,
Like sheerest wings of moon-moths soaring high,
Bowls modeled from the potter's golden clays,—
I know I shall not find before I die,
Though I should seek forever down earth's ways,
A bowl as lovely as the blinding sky.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Power Dalton

EPILOGUE

Sometimes I think that I shall live again;
And chancing on these records of my times,
I'll wonder dimly at the hidden pain
Faded to quaintness in my early rhymes.

And then, maybe, I shall be vaguely pleased
To feel again the torture of myself;
And by the ancient anguish gently eased,
I shall return my own book to its shelf.

The Bookman

S. Foster Damon

IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

(Staffordshire, England)

Hell hath its uses; here each mortar mouth
Casts far as life some treasure dear to need;
Welcome to men as ships the fruity South
Sends to blown Arctic shores. These valleys bleed
That others may be fair. In greener shires,
Where glisten cots and byres,
Manors and castles, or where farther bide
Young Adam and his bride,
What aching wants are banished by these despot fires!

Let Ceres bring sweet incense and blow white
Yon furnace breath; for there flames leap to mould
Her shares and harrows, chains and mattocks bright;
There fashion eager blades that cut the gold
Of wide Australia's fields when flow and wane
Her Harvest tides of grain;
And forge for far brown hands the hoe and spade
To ruff some island glade,
Or, chance be, turn the mellow sod in Argentine.

Look to our left. Bolts, rivets, girders, beams,
That make our towers safe, too near the stars;
Rods, pillars, shafts, that bridge unchallenged
streams,

Or bear a mountain's weight; unflinching bars
That time alone can bend; and fairy wire
For violin and lyre,
That shall from Music's heart stir her to break
Dream's silence, and remake
That silence deeper,—all are born of that swift fire.

And there! Slack would the world go but for pins,
Needles and buttons. When we lost our fur,
Fishbone and threaded thorn helped us our sins
To hide again, and modesty relure
To walk with us. Now showering from here
To every port o' the sphere,
Go, tidying the world, slim bits of pointed sun,
And on the daintiest one
What maid at bridal thrift shall drop a happy tear?

Now where the cavern windows ghostly glow,
As a dead dragon's eyes yet open burn,
Stripped figures like strange beasts weave to and fro,
And suddenly we know how beasts must yearn
Who have no way out but to pass
Through fire to the green grass.
These strong, who for the weak make beauty sure,
How long will they endure
An earth of ashes and a sky of brass?

Scribner's Magazine

Olive Tilford Dargan

MY BOOKS

When falls the winter snow I little care nor yet what
 cold winds blow,
For here beside the fire
Are many friends of whom I never tire:
Jane Austin sits with me
And oh, what company!
Or else the Brontes make the fireside glow
With their strange spirit. Wordsworth comes and
 then
Most lovable of men,
Dear Browning, ah, I've named not even ten
Of those who come and go.

When the December of my life shall come and those
 that now I love,
The best, perhaps—are gone,
I shall not be quite friendless and forlorn,
These same dear ones will be
Spring, youth and love to me,
I shall be young with them and happy too,
And who can tell? In that great Afterplace,
I, by diviner grace,
May touch their hands and look upon each face
With happiness anew.

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

THE FROST

The dawn—cold, pallid, half afraid, it seems.
Within the house she moves about her tasks,
Making the fire burn for the morning meal.
I stand outside like one who fears to enter.
She's singing—I can hear the happy notes—
She has been mute for many months, I think,
And now she sings. O God, delay the dawn,
She sings again tonight after long months!

How the wan sickly light of these gray skies
Reveals each makeshift of our cottage home
As if in scorn. I brought her here to this,
Plucked her with rude hands as one plucks a blossom
Out of a sheltered garden.

There was to be a new house long ago,
We planned it in those first days of our love.
But each new year, rising with newer hope,
Saw some strange, stern experience forced upon us;
First came the flood,
And countless tons of devastating rock
Crashed down the mountain slopes and carried
My newly planted crops. When with fresh hope
And infinite labor I had cleared the land anew,
Then came the drought.
Each glad green blade became a blackened thing,
Scorched in the burning furrow where it grew.
Tempest and drought—that was enough, you'd think,

Indeed, it seemed as though the fate that teased us
Had wearied or grown kind. There came the spring
So warm, so genial, such a fall of rain
That all my acres plucked up heart again
And smiled in the sun's good face—the vines hung
full,

The orchard laughed with promise.
Then in the vibrant gladness of those days
She came to me, and whispered me her secret;
'Twas time to build our home, for one would come
To share it with us by another spring.
And so she sings tonight.

There breaks the dawn—and she is at the door,
Has heard my step—now must I tell her all:
Soul of my soul, the frost has done its work.
Your sob—and each sob is a sharpened knife
To tear my heart. Creep close within my arms,
And let us talk this over quietly,
With understanding that shall bring us peace.

The man who plants his acres in full faith
Has God for partner. Nothing is more near
To the Eternal Heart than that a man
Should help the barren earth to flower and fruit—
And fill the world with plenty. Such a man
Becomes High Priest to all the growing plants,
For this the summer skies, the winter storms,
Rainbows and friendly stars have said to me.
I find Him here in every springing blade—
I hear Him speak—But in the city streets
There are so many voices, can a man
Be sure of what he hears? I must be sure.

What, then, if such eternal partnership
Requires eternal patience? All the forces
That work with God are patient—love, pity,
Remorse for wrong and fuller understanding.
And when the child shall come, he'll find his home
Within the loving shelter of our hearts.
You smile—there's hope—there's courage both at
once.
So we take up our gracious task again.
Shall we go in? For the new day is here.

The Lyric West

Grace Atherton Dennen

WINDING THE CLOCK

The silence that had fallen stark between us,
After the heat and flame of hostile words,
Was broken by the striking of the clock:
One-two—eleven strokes it made.
The slave of custom, I arose to wind it.
Then, a wonder!
I was aware of Time's vast cycle flowing
Endlessly, endlessly, through the vibrant night.
My hand upon the clock face seemed to catch

And hold this fateful moment of our quarrel.
There it hung poised between gold yesterdays
And black tomorrows, poisoned, evil thing,
To keep or cast away.
With haste, as one in fear, I seized the key,
Turned, turned—and felt the willing wheels respond.

The Lyric West

Grace Atherton Dennen

TO A DANCING PARTNER

(Who Asked Me for a Poem)

Suppose that in my poem you shall find
A wave so thrilled and lifted by the wind,
By him to her own sweeter motion moved,
And in that motion so with rapture loved,
That all the sounding round them of the sea
Became the music of their unity,
And warm light fell across them from the west,
And warm love from the beating in her breast
Touched him, but clasped him not, nor gave him
rest . . .
When in your slender veins its verses sing,
Will you be dreaming or remembering?

The Liberator

Max Eastman

A QUESTION

Dark-voiced and deeply passioned as the dim
Vermilion-lighted mysteries of faith and music
In cathedrals old and holy;

Dusk-eyed and velvet-throated as the slim
Young warm Madonna-Magdalens of saints
In painted windows rich with melancholy;

Dear friend and distant stranger: when the sun
Of all our light, our wisdom, is gone out,
And night has dimmed the candle of her vesper,

Do you not sometimes simply rise and come,
Feeling along the ray of my desire
With silent hands and barefoot steps that whisper?

I see the dusky circles of your eyes
Like burnt hot torches in your moon-pale flesh,
Your lips like warm wounds painted on its pallor,

Your quickened vivid breasts that fall and rise
Only too tenderly to pierce the veil
That clings on them, but cannot hide their color;

It cannot hide the flowing of your limbs,
The pure bold flame of motion that you are—
Earth's vestal unto earth's divine communion.

Is it a lonely phantom that but swims
Up from the depth of my own long desire?
Has not my dream in yours a dream-companion?

Your speech is motion—mine is poetry.
You will not answer what I dare to ask;
You will flow silent as a sacred river.

And I who watch you in sad ecstasy,
Have said my question as a saint his prayer,
To float with you in your still breast forever.

The Liberator

Max Eastman

PRIMA DONNA OF THE NEGRO JAZZ ORCHESTRA

I am the lemon-lily queen.

Midnight crepe-myrtle is my hair,
My face curves down to my pointed chin
Betwixt my golden earrings like a warm seckle
pear.

My tunic is a withered buff rose.

Palely my arms fall down.
The fiddles leap behind me, a thin flute blows,
Cr-r-racks a sudden trombone, then all notes drown.

In the drum's eager rustle. Juggling the sticks

Brown Joe tosses an aristocratic head—
Bow to right, smile to left, flourishing the tricks
Of some fancy colonel his grandmother never wed.

My walk is a poplar blown,

Gift of a moon-white dame
Whose star-white son left me besides
My golden color of shame.

The tom-tom is throbbing in my heart

And the orchestra's catching surges;
I sing you foolish airs—
That burst with shadowy dirges.

I voice my wild black mothers:

I drone them cool and low;
I croon the winds that blew and ceased
A thousand years ago.

I wail my captive fathers,

The violins complain;
I hone for a passionate wilderness
And the pelt of tropic rain.

I beat my hands and cry,
The 'cellos moan and quiver;
I fling my curse to a far-off sky
Over a jungled river.

I lift my arms and lean
To the white song's white embrace,
But I yearn to a thousand lovers
Of my black forgotten race.

* * * *

The sooty leader sways,
The violins flicker and hum,
The wood-winds speak, the cornet brays,
Joe is in a frenzy at the drum.

And I am the tea-rose queen,
Daughter of milk and wine;
Like a willow blown I bow and I bow,
And my earrings tremble and shine.

The Lyric West

Ellen Coit Elliott

UNREGENERATE

I shall come back in ways I think you'll know:
A cocky, strutting robin where you pass,
Perhaps a flake of sudden, stinging snow,
A cricket mocking at you from the grass;
A gusty little wind will whirl your hat
(And laugh to watch your funny, pompous wrath).
I'll be an April rain and drench it flat,
Then stand, a prickly hedge, straight in your path.
I shall not come a sentimental thing:
A star, a cloud, a Wordsworth daffodil;
A woodpecker, red-topped, will light and bring
Her maddening racket to your window-sill
At five a.m. And when you've waked and heard,
She'll love to hear you mutter: "Damn that bird!"

The Nation

Jacqueline Embry

WILD APPLES

Bright in September, bright against the sky,
Bright against mountains, bright against the sea,
Oh, acid fruit and worthless! pass it by;
Oh, beautiful and worthless! let it be.

Yet the birds take these branches for a house,
Wild grape festoons them, binding tart with tart;
And to the end of time unshaken boughs
Are not for us to laugh at, O my heart:

Unshaken boughs, and fruit ungathered yearly
Save by the wind that brings its scattering down,
To bruise on rocks, smash open, juicing clearly,
And rot beneath the tree till it is brown.

Out in back pastures known to sheep and cows,
Blind foot-note to a page, they stand apart;
But to the ends of time unshaken boughs
Are not for us to laugh at, O my heart!

The Measure

Abbie Huston Evans

SEA FOG

The world's a ten-rod circle; hills are gone,
Unless this floor of scrub and meadow-sweet
Slanting to hidden nothing, on and on,
May be a hill—I guess it by my feet!

The fir-tree dares not shake or even sigh,
For fear of spilling beauty, bright as brief;
The silvered cobweb scares away the fly,
And quicksilver slides down the mullein leaf.

Oh, fog-drops strung on birch like beads on hair!
On each red barberry there hangs a tear . . .
What wonder I forget the outer air,
Shut in with a little beauty plain and near?

Here's privacy with weeds, relief from sky,
A hollow in gray space; a place, may be,
Where one might lay disguises safely by,
And strip to the heart in fog from off the sea!

The Measure

Abbie Huston Evans

MACABRE

I saw them in the moonlight pass,
Like silver shadows in a glass;
With mournful step, erect and slow,
The ghost of Edgar Allan Poe;
Then quickly, like a frightened child,
The weeping ghost of Oscar Wilde;
And when I sought to give them aid
I saw them . . . fade!

St. Louis Much Ado

James Waldo Fawcett

TO A SKULL

Why laughest thou, perched there among the books
Wrought by man's hand and fathered by his brain?
I strive to write with humorous twist of pen—
But thy wide grin makes all my effort vain!

I turn to sorrow, and my pen drips tears—
I cannot keep my eyes away from thee;
Something sardonic, as if human woe
Thy humor mocked, is in thy ghoulish glee!

Religion's platitudes I next essay—
Sure sympathy thou'lt give me, knowing all . . .
Was that a chuckle, whisp'ring of the vault,
That seemed to echo from the fire-lit wall?

Is there, then, nothing real, a phantasy
Our dearest hopes, our deepest reverence?
Will we, too, laugh at man's credulity,
As at child whimsies, when we're summoned hence?

Will human sorrow and it's vaunted wit
Alike provoke that set, sardonic smile?
Will we, too, grin that twisted grin, to know
How man's best efforts were not worth the while?

Nay, nay, I will not have it so! Mayhap
Thy fleshless smile a tender one may be,
To know that God, the Humorist, hath played
His one great Joke in Death—that sets us free!

The Lyric West

Wright Field

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Saint Francis, bless my table's spread:
This water and this broken bread.

Grant me the heart of thankfulness
For this the portion thou dost bless:

The grace to see The Bread and Wine
Set forth in Heavenly candleshine.

With holy joying I would sup,
Cleaning the platter and the cup.

Saint Francis, bless my poverty:
This portion and the heart of me,
Through thy great love,
Amen.

McClure's Magazine

Anita Fitch

POETS

Earth, you have had great lovers in your hour,
And little lovers, fearful and struck dumb;
Those who have seen you whole, as from a tower,
And others kneeling where the grass-blades come.
Age after spinning age and day by day,
They toss the dawn between them, as a ball,
Ride Beauty plunging to the whip of May,
And string the stars to light their carnival.
They will not heed the shouting, singing flood
Of lovers gone before them. Echoed cries,
Too like their own may sound, but their wild blood
Is out of hand at seas and moving skies;
The last to come will make his little tune,
And think it new—about the weary moon!

Voices, A Journal of Verse *Hortense Flexner*

JOHN BUTLER YEATS

("Alas, for the wonderful yew forest!")

We shall remember him
As a man who had a little in him of the men of all
time.

We shall remember him—
This tall, lean-shouldered, witty Irishman,
Master of the art of conversation,
Jesting with us in his high-pitched Irish voice,
That lilted to a delicate string
Beyond our hearing.

"Shakespeare was a kindly man," he often said.
John Yeats was a kindly man
Who gave lavishly of himself
As if life had no end.
Around him gathered
The tangible aroma of life
Full-flavored with intense living.

"Ireland is kind," he said.

"She has many faults, but I feel about her
As I do about Heaven.

If Heaven were a perfect place it would bore me.

I like to think of Heaven as a place with discords;

As a beautiful orchestration with Love as master of
the music."

"Montaigne said"—that phrase was often on his lips.
Stories of wits and poets and artists,
Memories of Morris and Samuel Butler and Dowden,
Brilliant débris of irrecoverable personality.

"The artist is the only happy man," he told us.

"Art springs from a mood of divine unreason.

Unreason is when a man cannot be at peace with
external conditions."

We shall remember him intimately
As we knew him—his room, his pipes, his drawings.
We shall remember him sitting at his easel,
Keen-eyed, young, eager to live a thousand years,
Unwearied by life,
Sheltered beneath the green tree of his own thoughts.
We shall remember him
Ripening like an apple in quiet sunshine,
Responsive to human affection,
And—patient of our human limitations—
Writing under his own portrait
(Painted from his reflection in a mirror),
"Myself seen through a glass darkly."

The New York Times

Jeanne Robert Foster

THE PEACOCK

In the cold blue haze of a January day
A peacock parades beneath my window—
A symphony of color.
No rare orchid can boast such wealth of hues
Yet, this vivid bird honored by the Gods
Has no note of music;
Nor does he render the world
A single deed of service—
For what was he fashioned?

Once a girl came beneath my window
Her golden curls and sky blue eyes
Laughed up at me.
The color of the rose was in her cheek—
Love was in my heart,
I stifled it—
For what was she fashioned?
She gave nothing to the world—
She possessed no talents!
She went away.
Since then my life has been grey
Like the cold blue haze of a January day.

The peacock has gone—
Only dead weeds are beneath my window.
O peacock, did the Gods fashion you for a decoration
To let beauty walk in the midst of ugly dying weeds;
In the cold blue haze of a January day?

The American Poetry Magazine
Scottie McKenzie Frasier

THREE SISTERS

Johanna talks of Lemuel
And I of spinning sing
But Emily sits all alone
Nor speaks of anything.

The thoughtless words Johanna drops
Are dull and little worth,
They sink to rest with those I speak,
As pebbles fall to earth.

The silent words of Emily,
I wonder where they go—
The secret things she does not say,
When she is sitting so.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Helen Frazee-Bower

THE SISTERS

The Martha-in-me filled her days
With tasks devoid of joy and praise:
She polished well the furniture;
She made the locks and bolts secure;
She trimmed the lamps with barren ease;
She rubbed the ivory of the keys;
She made the windows shine and glow;
She washed the linen fair as snow.

The Mary-in-me did not stay
At home, as Martha did, each day:
She held aloof like some wild bird
Whose music is but seldom heard.
My Martha felt a little shy
Of Mary as she passed her by,
And one day hid the cloth and broom
With which she garnishes my room.

When Mary saw, she paused and pressed
A hand of Martha to her breast,
And whispered, "We must learn to do
Our labors side by side, we two."

So have the sisters found delight
In doing fireside tasks aright:
Together they have come to see
The meaning in mahogany,
Which now they rub that there may pass
A pageant in its looking-glass;
They shine the windows that the bloom
Of earth be brought within my room;
The lamps are gladly filled and trimmed
And virgin wisdom goes undimmed;
They polish the piano keys
In readiness for harmonies;
In bolting doors they've learned as well
To throw them wide for heaven and hell,
That all who will may enter there
To be the guests of grace and prayer.

Mary and Martha in sisterhood
Dwell in me as sisters should;
They fashion a garment and kiss its hem,
And my house is in order because of them.

The Outlook

Louise Ayres Garnett

FISHIN'

De 'Postles dey went seekin' fer to ketch a mess
o' men,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
Dey thoo deir nets out patient, en dey drug 'em in
again,
Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.
De waters dey wuz seekin' wuz de waters ob de worl',
En dey ketch a heap o' nuffin' fo' dey eber seen a
pearl,

But dey nevah git discourage' en deir nets dey allers
hurl,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,

Fishin' in de sea.

Yore nets am fuller sinners

En yo' done kotch me.

One night a mighty storm come up w'en dey wuz in
a boat,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

En Thomas he wuz quakin' en 'is faith he couldn' tote,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

Den glory halleluyer! may I nevah own mah grave

Ef'n blessed Massa Jesus didn' walk out on a wave,

En ca'm dose ragin' waters, en dose skeery 'Postles
save,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,

Fishin' in de sea.

Yore nets am fuller sinners

En yo' done kotch me.

James he kotch a sinner man, en Petah kotch a t'ief,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

But Judas wuz a yaller man en founder on a reef,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

De 'Postles' nets git boolgy wid a monst'ous hefty
weight,

Fer dey fish w'en it wuz sunup en dey fish w'en it
wuz late,

En dey lan' dis pore ole sinner lak a minner, sho' ez
fate,

Fishin', fishin', fishin' in de sea.

'Postles, 'Postles,

Fishin' in de sea.

Yore nets am fuller sinners

En yo' done kotch me.

GWINE UP TER HEAB'N

I's gwine up ter heab'n in a cloud o' fiah,
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.
I's boun' ter keep a-mountin' 'til I cain't-a git no
 highah,
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.
De elements 'll t'under en de elements 'll quake,
De graves 'll yawn an stretch deirsefs en all de dead
 'll wake,
En de worl' 'll ketch on fiah en burn up fer Jesus'
 sake,
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.

*Gwine up ter heab'n
In a cloud o' fiah.
Gwine up ter heab'n
'Till I cain't-a git no highah.*

I's gwine up ter heab'n fer to see de Holy Ghos',
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.
He's sho' ter mek me we'come, fer he am de Heab'nly
 Hos',
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.
En w'en I ax um howdy, en draps mah bestes' bow,
I's gwineter tell um, *Massa, I b'longs up yer, I 'low.*
You ax me fer to enter en I's in de fambly now,
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.

*Gwine up ter heab'n
In a cloud o' fiah.
Gwine up ter heab'n
'Till I cain't-a git no highah.*

O jubilee en glory! won' I holler wid mah might!
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.
I'll blow de clouds ter nuffin en I'll stoke de stars up
 bright,
Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.

I'll be mighty glad ter git dere, fer it's lonesome yer below.

Dere am sech a heap o' trouble wharsomever folkses go,

En I's honin' ter git settled whar I's got a right fer sho',

Gwine, gwine, gwine up ter heab'n.

Gwine up ter heab'n

In a cloud o' fiah.

Gwine up ter heab'n

'Till I cain't-a git no highah.

The Outlook

Louise Ayres Garnett

THE BUILDER

The edges of the stones are sharp,

But I shall travel far

For I must seek and seek and seek

Wherever such stones are.

I am building me a secret place

With stones that cut my hands;

But I must build and build and build

Until a temple stands.

Contemporary Verse

Caroline Giltinan

TRANSFORMED

Black and naked branches

Always searching one,

You await the coming

Of your lord, the sun.

Warmed with all his grandeur,

Suddenly some day

He who holds your worship

Will achieve his way.

In the glow of Springtime—
The sun is very wise!—
Turn and see within you
With fascinated eyes,
Wonderful as music
Green leaves and moving boughs.
In your thousand blossoms,
Mating birds will house.

Hidden in your branches
Where you shield one nest,
Tree of strange surprises
The sun will find your breast.

The Boston Transcript

Caroline Giltinan

THE LAST FIRE

You saw the last fires burning on the hill
In that far autumn twilight when we took
The future by the hand through woods as still
As your heart is today, and crossed the brook.

The brook that gurgled through the quietude
Was just a slender stream that sauntered on.
How were we to know the thing we should—
That we had crossed our narrow Rubicon?

And after, in the shadow of the leaves,
When your great eyes grew with the growing night
They left the hollows where the twilight grieves
And mirrored back the bonfire on the height.

And what quick flame was in your eyes I knew;
And how the moment caught us on our way
Is Time's own story written for a few
In dust of ashes in your eyes today.

The Outlook

Herbert S. Gorman

HE WALKS WITH HIS CHIN IN THE AIR

Life in you is an incurious madness.
Tell me, how good is life that is not known
And is but felt, like wind against the temples,
Like touch beneath the feet, of turf or stone?

But do not hear me, Lover of life; an answer
Is burning like a sorrow in my breast:
There is flame in feeling, fineness in the knowing,
And who shall say which way of life is best?

Pass on, Seeker, seeking the touch of spaces.
Many the ways of life, and many a one
Is all too brief a fluttering of hours
To serve our purpose here beneath the sun.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

A MAN GOES BY

Where his sure feet pass
The crowds are strangely thinned—
They are the furrowed grass
And he is the wind.

Many go with the thought
Of their footfall's little beat,
Wearing their own lives caught
Like shackles on their feet.

But he is disinterested
In feet and their fevered way;
There is motive in his tread
That was not shaped from clay.

Thresholds may make him small,
But the wind is in his feet—
Dominant, impersonal—
As he walks upon a street.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

PASSERS

The Patrician

If culture had fluidity
It would drip from her finger-tips like rain,
And where it spattered there would be
Indelible purple stain.

If quietude had tongue what speech
Would iterate above her head,
What clamorous echoes would beseech
Behind her quiet tread.

But spent blood leaves no stain nor stir,
Save in that art which marks her ways—
The background dead hands make for her
With their defeated days.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Hazel Hall

MATURITY

He is companioned secretly
When, with meditative feet,
He passes down an idle street.

A slow and misted company
Disputes his solitude. Ahead,
Like figures in a pageant, tread
All his tomorrows with eyes that peer
Over the near horizon's rim.
He cannot hear above the dim
Sound of their feet; he cannot clear
His thought from the restricting gaze
Fastened upon him from behind,
Where follow the gracelessly resigned
Figures of his yesterdays.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

INCIDENTAL

How can I rid me
Of what is not mine—
This self that was youth's,
This song swift and fine
That wraps me with fire,
And yet is not mine?

Song to be seemly
For her that is I,
Is song low with sleep
To be hummed in a sigh,
As I weave cool reason
Out of sounds that go by.

And who would be wanting
Song not her own,
Though it warms with warmth
The sun has not known,
When she might be thinking,
And cold and alone?

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

SONNET

When I was far too young to comprehend,
My great-grandfather one day talked to me
As if I were his wise and aged friend
And did not hold a new doll on my knee.
I can remember how his voice was kind,
But what he said I could not understand;
Only these words clung oddly in my mind:
"To burn out like a candle in God's hand" . . .
What other words he uttered I forget.
These are like rubies from a ring unrolled
That in my fingers wait to be reset
When I learn better how to work with gold.
Yet when he spoke them, all I did was stare
And wonder at the whiteness of his hair.

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

Down by the river-front, beside the docks,
Susie scrubs in a quick lunch bummer's hole.
She steals the money from the cashier's box,
Being too ugly now to steal his soul.
Susie's a used-up whiskey-dyed old shoddy—
Once she drew encores in the cabarets
And sculptors sought her for her lovely body,
So she did posing on her vacant days.
Now when she shuffles past the wharves to work
The sailors when they see her turn away
And some make jokes at her Saint Vitus jerk
And others give her nickels from their pay.
Yet there's a bronze nymph in a museum room
That Susie posed for when she was in bloom.

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

PETER

Peter is a plain lad
With a strong will.
He never looks behind him
When he climbs a hill.

There are many others
Equally as wise,
With as much sparkle
In their young eyes;

But once Peter traveled
Over foreign lands
And brought back perfume
In his simple hands;

And when I breathe its fragrance
Exotic and rare
I think first of Peter
And his red hair.

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

THE IDIOT

When earth was madly green he lay
And mocked his shadow's dancing feet,
Or from his laughter ran away
To watch the poppies burn the wheat.

But when the frozen leaves whirled by
And colored birds were blown afar,
He climbed the bitter winter sky
And hanged himself upon a star.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

David Osborne Hamilton

AUNT SELINA

When Aunt Selina comes to tea
She always makes them send for me,
And I must be polite and clean
And seldom heard, but always seen.
I must sit stiffly in my chair
As long as Aunt Selina's there.

But there are certain things I would
Ask Aunt Selina if I could.
I'd ask when she was small, like me,
If she had ever climbed a tree.
Or if she'd ever, ever gone
Without her shoes and stockings on
Where lovely puddles lay in rows
To let the mud squeeze through her toes.
Or if she'd coasted on a sled,
Or learned to stand upon her head
And wave her feet—and after that
I'd ask her how she got so fat.
These things I'd like to ask, and then—
I hope she would not come again!

Harper's Magazine

Carol Haynes

TREES WALKING

When on dark starless roads I ride,
Grim, stalwart oaks step out to see;
And when I near my own hillside,
White birches run to welcome me.

In summer, when the long days wane,
Elms stroll against an orient sky,
While in the moonlit country lane,
Poplars in couples hurry by.

Bronze beeches, walking hand in hand,
With me climb glowing autumn slopes;
While serried ranks of cedars band
To march and fight for my lost hopes.

In God's cathedral, fragrant, dim,
The altars rise both far and free,
While pines swing censors high to Him
And open endless aisles for me.

The Lyric West

Edna G. Henry

DUSK

They tell me she is beautiful, my city,
That she is colorful and quaint; alone
Among the cities. But I—I who have known
Her tenderness, her courage, and her pity;
Have felt her forces mold me, mind and bone,
Life after life, up from her first beginning—
How can I think of her in wood and stone!
To others she has given of her beauty:
Her gardens, and her dim old faded ways;
Her laughter, and her happy drifting hours;

Glad spendthrift April, squandering her flowers;
The sharp still wonder of her autumn days;
Her chimes, that shimmer from St. Michael's steeple
Across the deep maturity of June
Like sunlight slanting over open water
Under a high blue listless afternoon.
But when the dusk is deep upon the harbor,
She finds me where her rivers meet and speak,
And while the constellations gem the silence
High overhead, her cheek is on my cheek.
I know her in the thrill behind the dark
When sleep brims all her silent thoroughfares.
She is the glamour in the quiet park
That kindles simple things like grass and trees;
Wistful and wanton as her sea-born airs,
Bringer of dim rich age-old memories.
Out on the gloom-deep water, when the nights
Are choked with fog, and perilous, and blind,
She is the faith that tends the calling lights.
Hers is the stifled voice of harbor bells,
Muffled and broken by the mist and wind.
Hers are the eyes through which I look on life
And find it brave and splendid. And the stir
Of hidden music shaping all my songs,
And these my songs, my all, belong to her.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *DuBose Heyward*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Once in the starlight
When tides were low,
And surf fell sobbing
To the undertow,
I trod the windless dunes
Alone with Edgar Poe.

Dim and far behind us,
Like a fabled bloom
On the myrtle thickets,
In the swaying gloom
Hung the clustered windows
Of the barrack-room.

Faint on the evening,
Tenuous and far
As the beauty shaken
From a vagrant star,
Throbbled the ache and passion
Of an old guitar.

Life closed behind us
Like a swinging gate,
Leaving us unfettered
And emancipate;
Confidants of Destiny,
Intimates of Fate.

I could only cower
Silent, while the night,
Seething with its planets,
Parted to our sight,
Showing us infinity
In its breadth and height.

But my chosen comrade,
Tossing back his hair
With the old loved gesture,
Raised his face, and there
Shone that agony that those
Loved of God must bear.

Oh, we heard the many things
Silence has to say—
He and I together
As alone we lay
Waiting for the slow sweet
Miracle of day.

When the bugle's silver
Spiralled up the dawn
Dew-clear, night-cool,
And the stars were gone,
I arose exultant,
Like a man new-born.

But my friend and master,
Heavy-limbed and spent,
Turned, as one must turn at last
From the sacrament;
And his eyes were deep with God's
Burning discontent.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse DuBose Heyward

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVEYARD

High on the mountain where the storm-heads are,
Lying where all may see, there is a place
As hideous and shocking as a scar
That mars the beauty of a well-loved face.
Infinitely drear, and raw, and nude,
It waits and listens in the solitude.

There is no friendly tree in all that square
Of scattered stones and arid, troubled clay.
Bleak as the creed of those who journey there,
Hard as the code by which they lived their day,
It gives them all they ask of it—its best;
No beauty and no softness—only rest.

But oh, the pity of it all is this:
They lived with beauty and their eyes were blind.
Dreaming of far strong joys, they came to miss
Those that were near. So at the last we find
No tenderness of blossom, but instead
Mute emblems of the longings of the dead.

These rain-bleached sea-shells in an ordered row
Tell of an ocean that they never knew
Except in dreams which, through the ebb and flow
Of years, set seaward as the torrents do.
Always they planned to follow, knowing deep
Within their hearts that dreams are but for sleep.

And see these tawdry bits of broken glass
Which speak the foreign glories of the town—
The crowds, the lights; these too are dreams that pass
Here where the hemming walls of rock look down,
And clasp their children fast within their keep
Until they cradle them at last to sleep.

Yet all the while if they could only know
The beauty that is theirs to breathe and touch—
The whisper of the dawn across the snow,
The vast low-drifting clouds that love them much—
Oh, they could call their dreams home down the sky,
And carry beauty with them when they die.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse DuBose Heyward

AUTUMN LEAVES

The dear old ladies whose cheeks are pink
In spite of the years of Winter's chill,
Are like the Autumn leaves I think,
A little crumpled, but lovely still.

The Stepladder

Janie Screven Heyward

THRENODY

I made a slow lament for you, lost magic
Of schoolboy love and dreams in shadowed places,
Where passed in visible parade, the tragic
Desires of vanished gods and women's faces.

On violins beneath long, undisputed
New England orchards sombred by the spirit
Of endless autumn, I awoke the muted
Strings of your lament, but none could hear it,

Except, perhaps, one passerby, who skirted
The upland fields in that avoided spot;
And, marveling at the music in deserted
Orchards, hurried on, and soon forgot.

The Bookman

Robert Silliman Hillyer

ELEGY

*On a Dead Mermaid
Washed Ashore at Plymouth Rock*

Pallidly sleeping, the Ocean's mysterious daughter
Lies in the lee of the boulder that shattered her
charms;

Dawn rushes over the level horizon of water
And touches to flickering crimson her face and her
arms,

While every scale in that marvelous tail
Quivers with colour like sun on a Mediterranean sail.

Could you not keep to the ocean that lulls the
Equator,

Soulless, immortal, and fatally fair to the gaze,
Or were you called to the North by an ecstasy greater
Than any you knew in those ancient and terrible days

When all your delight was to flash on the sight
Of the wondering sailor and lure him to death in the
watery night?

Was there, perhaps, on the deck of some faraway
vessel

A lad from New England whose fancy you failed to
ensnare?

Who, born of this virtuous rock, and accustomed to
wrestle

With beauty in all of its forms, became your despair,
And awoke in your breast a mortal unrest

That dragged you away from the South to your death
in the cold Northwest?

Pallidly sleeping, your body is shorn of its magic,
But Death gives a soul to whatever is lovely and dies.
Now the Ocean reclaims you again, lest a marvel so
tragic

Remain to be mocked by our earthly and virtuous
eyes,

And reason redeems already what seems

Only a fable like all of our strange and beautiful
dreams.

The New Republic

Robert Silliman Hillyer

FOR MAISTER GEOFFREY CHAUCER

A bard there was, and that a worthy wight,
Who from the time that he began to write
Served God and beauty with an humble mind,
And most of all, he knew and loved mankind.
Laughing he was, and quick at many a jest;
The Lord loves mirth—the devil take the rest!
A simple grace ere wine was poured at dinner,
A ready hand outstretched to saint and sinner,
A prayer at times, not lengthy but devout,—
This was our poet's faith without a doubt.
Travel he loved, and wonders had to tell

Of royal France and Italy as well,
And everywhere he went, his furtive pen
Took down the secrets of his fellow-men,
Their faces and their stories, high and low,
From lordly Petrarch and Boccaccio
Unto the meanest villein who could hold
Some tavern audience with the tales he told.
Yet with his scrivening, he never swerved
From duty to King Edward, whom he served,
And though he roamed both France and Italy,
England was where he ever longed to be,
And thither he returned with magic spoils
That England might have pleasure of his toils,
And hear his brave chivalric stories sung
By English pilgrims in the English tongue.
Noble his spirit was, and gay his heart;
A judge of wine, a master of his art,
He loved all men, nor was ashamed to show it:
He was a very parfit, gentil poet,
Gentil in life, and parfit in his rhyme,—
God send us such another in our time!

The Outlook

Robert Silliman Hillyer

PATHS ACROSS THE SEA

On the silver crest of the ocean's breast,
With the winds of rare delight,
My ship and I like sea-wraiths fly
To the surge of a tropic night.

On the silver crest of the lusted west,
Like the dance of a far-flung tune,
We cleave a way of star-struck spray
On our path to the fairy moon.

The Freeman

Arthur Crew Inman

RIVER SONG

Down the great and ponderous river,
A man, lean, sinewy, tireless,
Poles his deeply laden barge.
And as he poles he chants a song,
Monotonous, dreary, sad,
A song from the centuries past,
Born when the earth and race were young,
Ages and ages ago.

When he is dead,
And the gay poppies on the bank
Flaunt above his grave,
Another,
Even as he,
Will pole his deeply laden barge,
Down the great and ponderous river—
Awhile—
Ere he too passes.

But the song will not die.

Contemporary Verse

Arthur Crew Inman

IN APRIL

Something back in April
Wracked my heart with pain,
Putting out joy's fires
Like a fog-hunched rain.

Something back in April
Quenched the joy I had;
What, I can't remember—
April was so glad!

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Winifred Virginia Jackson

UNDER-CURRENTS

I was like a pebble
On a sandy shore
Where the sea waves stamped their feet
At the green land's door.

I was like a pebble
That a gnarled hand, cool,
Picked up from the sun-domed sands,
'Flung into a pool.

Is it then to wonder
That, from where I lie,
All I send to heaven is
But a bitter cry?

Voices, A Journal of Verse
Winifred Virginia Jackson

THE NORTHWEST CORNER

I wish that Nate had let me grow
Some roses there!
I would have pulled the phlox, but, oh,
I did not dare!

His mother planted of that phlox;
So stiff and tall
And friendlessly it grew, nor leaned
Against the wall.

For forty years I longed to have,
Amid the fret,
Some roses in the garden just
To help forget.

*I wish that Nate had let me grow
Some roses there!
I would have pulled the phlox, but, oh,
I did not dare!*

The Outlook Winifred Virginia Jackson

HERITAGE

Door, I was, yes, afraid of you.
So slowly you swung back,
Your bending murmurs falling in
The dark, with creak and crack.

I pooh-poohed each move of yours.
I whispered, "'Tis the wind,
That scurries by, swift poking you
With mischief's fingered mind!"

But suddenly a nameless fear
Coiled like a snake of hate,
And hissed and struck! I leaped and closed
And locked you, cursing fate!

Door, was I then afraid of you?
I now lean low and hide
More fearful of the shapeless things
That stand and wait outside.

Voices, A Journal of Verse
Winifred Virginia Jackson

MEASURE

When we count out our gold at the end of the day,
And have filtered the dross that has cumbered the way;
Oh! What were the hold of our treasury then
Save the love we have shown to the children of men.

The Crisis *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

VIRGINIANA

Slow turns the water by the green marshes,
In Virginia.
Overhead the sea fowl
Make silver flashes, cry harsh as peacocks.
Capes and islands stand,
Ocean thunders,
The light houses burn red and gold stars.
In Virginia
Run a hundred rivers.
The dogwood is in blossom,
The pink honeysuckle,
The fringe tree.
My love is the ghostly armed sycamore,
My loves are the yellow pine and the white pine,
My love is the mountain linden.
Mine is the cedar.

Ancient forest,
Hemlock-mantled cliff,
Black cohosh,
Golden-rod, ironweed,
And purple farewell-summer.
Maple red in the autumn,
And plunge of the mountain brook.

The wind bends the wheat ears,
The wind bends the corn,
The wild grape to the vineyard grape
Sends the season's greetings.
Timothy, clover,
Apple, peach!
The blue grass talks to the moss and fern.

Sapphire-shadowed, deep-bosomed, long-limbed,
Mountains lie in the garden of the sky,
Evening is a passion flower, morning is a rose!

Old England sailed to Virginia,
Bold Scotland sailed,
Vine-wreathed France sailed,
And the Rhine sailed,
And Ulster and Cork and Killarney.
Out of Africa—out of Africa!
Guinea Coast, Guinea Coast,
Senegambia, Dahomey—
Now One,
Now Virginia!

Pocahontas steals through the forest,
Along the Blue Ridge ride the Knights of the Horse-
shoe,
Young George Washington measures neighbour's
land from neighbour,
In the firelight Thomas Jefferson plays his violin.
Violin, violin!
Patrick Henry speaks loud in Saint John's church.
Andrew Lewis lifts his flintlock.—
O Fringed Hunting Shirt, where are you going?
George Rogers Clarke takes Kagaskia and Vincennes.

They tend tobacco,
And they hoe the corn,
Colored folk singing,
Singing sweetly of heaven
And the Lord Jesus.
Broad are the tobacco leaves,
Narrow are the corn blades,
Little blue morning glories run through the corn
fields.

Sumach, sumach!
Blue-berried cedar,
Persimmon and pawpaw,
Chinquopin.
Have you seen the 'possum?
Have you seen the 'coon?

Have you heard the whippoorwill?
Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!
Whip—poor—will!

White top wagons
Rolling westward.
Bearded men
Looking westward.
Women, children,
Gazing westward.
Kentucky!
Ohio!
Halt at eve and build the fire.
Dogs,
Long guns,
Household gear.
'Ware the Indian!
White top wagons going westward.

Edgar Allan Poe
Walking in the moonlight,
In the woods of Albemarle,
'Neath the trees of Richmond,
Pondering names of women,
 Annabel—Annie,
 Lenore—Ulalume.

Maury, Maury!
What of Winds and Currents?
Maury, Maury,
Ocean rover!
But when you come to die,
"Carry me through Goshen Pass
When the rhododendron is in bloom!"

Men in gray,
Men in blue,
Very young men,
Meet by a river.

Overhead are fruit trees.
"Water—water!
We will drink, then fight."—
"O God, why do we
Fight anyhow?
It's a good swimming hole
And the cherries are ripe!"
Bronze men on bronze horses,
Down the long avenue,
They ride in the sky,
Bronze men.
Stuart cries to Jackson,
Jackson cries to Lee,
Lee cries to Washington.
Bronze men,
Great soldiers.

The church bells ring,
In Virginia.
Sonorous,
Sweet,
In the sunshine,
In the rain.
Salvation! It is Sunday.
Salvation! It is Sunday,
In Virginia.
Locust trees in bloom,
Long grass in the church yard,
June bugs zooming round the roses,
First bell—second bell!
All the ladies are in church.
Now the men will follow,
In Virginia,
In Virginia!

The Reviewer

Mary Johnston

PREMONITION

The colorless thin voices of the dark
Grow fainter as the moon begins to rise,
And like a scimitar the river lies
Curving among pale trees with silvered bark.
Here at this height we stand, whose lips contain
Our vain protesting youth that stirs and cries
Dumbly within us. Under widened skies
Star-deep in silence, how should we complain?

The hours move slowly toward their shining end,
Brimmed with broad moonlight and the damp of earth.
We are but misers who are forced to spend
Our heritage of time, and face long dearth
Of wordless nights beneath moon-whitened trees,—
In years to come, more desolate than these.

The Outlook

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

ANSWER TO A TIMID LOVER

These shall be my songs to you:
Water running up a hill,
Stones singing as birds do,
Rain falling hot and shrill,

Black flames burning high,
Wind clouds changless and at rest,
Sun that sets in the eastern sky
And rises in the west!

You may know by these things
I am coming and very near;
Then hide! hide when the first stone sings,
Lest you be stricken down with fear!

The Outlook

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

MEETINGS IN STORM

The ocean thunders in the caverned sky,
And gulls fall straight against a crest of foam,
The black wind roars to bring the great storm by,
And all my sails are full to bear me home!
Thus I come in with rain, and salty lips
Crusted with spray, and eyes that see for miles
Over the harbor bar, to the huddled ships,
And docks, and roofs, and maple-darkened aisles.

The rain smells all of maple and of hay,
And now I put the sea behind my back,
And cross the streets and fields in the old way,
With all the clouds above me hanging black,
And stand here in the rain before your door
Moveless with joy, to know you near once more.

The Nation

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

NOCTURNE

I

Now of this nearness take your deep repose;
Put the dim world aside. . . .
Peace like the sea, as level and as wide,
Over your eyelids flows.

II

No time can touch you, where the slow profound
Measures of silence beat
Eternally, whose music is complete
Beyond all earthly sound.

III

Weighted with darkness bend your sorrowful head;
The wind upon your brow—
The firm, cool touch of quiet—softly now
Is laid, till light be fled.

IV

Gone is the hunger—the insatiate thing—
The slowly ravening flame;
Vanished the fear that had no certain name,
Most sure their banishing.

V

Slow tides of air move over you to fold
The ancient darkness near,
Where silently through cloud, faint stars appear,
That are so still and old.

VI

Oh, never shall the dream of morning find
Its way to you, nor break
Your shadow-marvel of rest, to bid you wake
And leave your peace behind.

The Outlook

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

SUNRISE

I've never seen the great sun rise,
For then I am in bed;
The sands of slumber in my eyes
Hold down my drowsy head.

I *think* the sun climbs up the sky
And throws the clouds away,
Then girds her flaming tunic high
And strides to meet the day.

Soft-touched by bird's wings is her head;
Her feet caressed by trees;
She turns their leaves to gold and red
And stoops to drink the seas.

Lincoln Lore

Katharine Kosmak

BLIND CLAY

onaparte Johnson and Nero Katz
it in the shade and discuss doormats
Cornhusk, fiber, and metal-meshed),
While men stalk death in Omsk and Resht.

is Grace of the Garter and tall Lord James
it in their club beside the Thames,
nd prate of polo and cricket score—
y Nile and Ganges the Red fires roar.

is Grace and Katz must be blood-brother,
nd Johnson and James must be each other.
eer and plowman are one blind clay,
When their souls are born in a rut—and stay.

The Nation

Mary Fleming Labaree

GOOD-BYE—TO MY MOTHER

(Kansas Authors' Club Prize Poem for 1921)

et not your heart be altogether lonely
low that the last, reluctant words are said,
take away my face and voice, but leave you
ly heart, instead.

ur separate lives will only make love dearer,
nd beautiful as distant mountains are,
When all the little hills erase each other,
nd leave no scar.

or every westward-blowing wind is my wind,
awning I send you, when my sun is high,
nd all God's lovely stars are ours together.
ood-bye! Good-bye!

The Kansas City Star

Margaret Larkin

THE JILT

I

Let other feet go drudging
About the house he built!
A free girl, a jilted girl—
I'm glad he was a jilt.

We quarrelled till it almost
Destroyed my breath of life.
He nagged me and bullied me,
As if I'd been his wife.

II

We grew cold and bitter
The more we would explain,
And if we held our tongues
The worse it was again.

He flashed a cruel sign,
I flashed a cruel word,
And neither could forget
The blame the other heard.

III

But his eyes could be tender with love, and his voice—
how tender!

Some words he sang are with me the whole day
through.

I hang out the linen and burnish the brass and copper,
And they won't go out of my head, whatever I do.

Strange how they come when I feel alone and for-
saken,

How they wake me up when the dawn in my room
is hazy,

How they drug me asleep when the night has darkened
my pillow!

Ah, a song will sing in your head when your heart
is crazy!

IV

What can I do but sit here and shake
 And let the windows rattle mournfully,
 While Sunday brings him never and Monday brings
 him not,
 And winter hides the town away from me—
 Dreaming how he drew my soul from my lips,
 Seeming just to hear forevermore
 What my heart tells the clock, what the clock tells
 my heart,
 Dreaming back the springtime at my door?

V

Why should I curl my hair for him?
 He said the trouble couldn't be mended,
 He said it must be good-bye and go;
 And he took up his hat, and all was ended.
 So all was over. And I'm not dead!
 And I've shed all the tears I'm going to shed!
 And now he's wanting to come again?
 Perhaps he's sorry, perhaps he misses
 The hill-top girl. Well, let him come!
 But no more love and no more kisses—
 Whatever the future, gay or grim,
 Why should I curl my hair for him?

VI

I shall go out in the sun today.
 I don't know whether to laugh or pray,
 For along the waking paths of spring
 Bird calls to bird till the branches ring.
 Something stirs me—spring's own will—
 To wander to the edge of the hill,
 Where I can see as I look down
 Patches of green on the gray old town.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Agnes Lee

ON BEING TOLD THAT
MY CHILD RESEMBLES ME

I would not have you of my fashioning,
Sweet child—not yours these hands that spill the
 wine
Life proffers! You, with steadier grasp than mine,
 Shall lift the chalice high;
 Shall drink and, drinking, sing
 The song that on my lips would never reach the
 sky!

Not yours these faltering feet, these straining eyes
That cannot see the stars for mists of earth!
Oh, naught have I to give you of my dearth!
 For your clear gaze shall see
 Beauty through all disguise,
 And winged shall be your feet like those of
 Mercury!

Yet for your voice of sweetness and of power
My voice shall set the key; my candle-light
Shall fire your torch to flame through all the night.
 Be, dear one—if you must
 Be aught of me—the flower
 Of all my aspirations, blossoming from their
 dust!

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

SILENCE

What do I love the dearest in my wood?
The violets as white as virgin's snood,
The gauzy humming-bird?
The scurrying insect-life when moss is stirred
By an inquiring hand?

The odors that the balmy south wind brings?
The brown pine-needles carpeting the land
Richer than any rug from Samarcand?
Oh dearly, dearly do I love these things!

And yet, of all, I love the silence best—
The silence of the wood—
That gently seems to nest
And nestle in the over-burdened heart;
Soft as the feathered breast
Of yonder thrush that hovers near her brood;
Silence that soothes the ache and pain and smart
Of Life's swift lash laid on the quivering soul.
It is a chalice full of sanctities,
It is a benediction breathing peace.
It is as calm, as deep,
As cool green wells of sleep
In which the spirit sinks and is made whole.
And if from some bird-throat a sudden rill
Of sound may flow,
It is but etched against the stillness so
That all the wood seems even more deeply still.

Yet most for this I love the silence best
That it is big with longings unexpressed
And lyric with unutterable song;—
Astir with winds and wings
That ever with their soundless whisperings
Up-lift my heart and make my spirit strong.
For silence is as wide
And boundless as the wide and boundless sea:
It flows around me in a mighty tide
Of vast beatitude.

Oh may I ever live upon the shore
Of its beneficent immensity
That, when life's clamor grows too harsh and rude,
I may steal forth to the great quietude;
That I may feel its healing waters pour
Over my tired soul and wash it clean
Of trivial things and mean!

And thus it is the silence of the wood,

The silence of renewal and of rest,
That I love best—
The silence that today envelops me,
Yet bears within its bosom all eternity.

The Lyric West

Mary Sinton Leitch

TO A HERMIT THRUSH

Great lyricist, you sing of vanished ships
Whose spirits haunt the mist-enshrouded dune,
Or of long-dead, forgotten lovers' lips
That drank their draughts of joy beneath the moon;

Of Cleopatra's form, of Helen's face,
Of Ceasar's fame: Egypt and Greece and Rome
You know not but all glory and all grace
Within your cosmic strains are gathered home.

And I who feel within my aching breast
Your own wild, sweet necessity to sing;—
When clouds, rose-petalled, blossom in the west
Or when arbutus buds are pink with spring,

I must delay and grope for speech, with art
Striving—in vain—to capture ecstasy;—
While unrestrained you pour your lyric heart—
Your lyric soul itself—upon the sky,

So clearly soars your pure, celestial song
Above poor human need of stammering words.
Ah, that is poetry! Speech does beauty wrong.
I think there are no poets save the birds.

The Stepladder

Mary Sinton Leitch

IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

Born 1775—Died 1847

Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman, was born in New England in 1775. He died near Fort Wayne in 1847. He was less than thirty years of age when he began the picturesque and purposeful life-work to which Mr. Lindsay pays vivid tribute in the following pages. In 1803, or perhaps a bit earlier, young Chapman moved westward to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There he began to work out the settled purpose of his life, which was to move westward, keeping always a little in advance of the peopled frontier, planting orchards as he went. As civilization periodically caught up with him, he disposed of his trees for a "fip-penny bit" apiece, for food or old clothes, or, more frequently, gave them away.

For forty-six years he walked barefoot and unarmed through the wilderness. He was often clothed only in an old coffee-sack, with holes for his head and arms, and carried a tin pan, which often served as his hat. The Indians regarded him as a great "medicine-man," doubtless because he scattered through the woods the seeds of medicinal plants, such as catnip and pennyroyal. He was a lover of children and animals. He was never molested by the Indians or by the beasts. He was welcomed everywhere. He lived to see his trees bearing fruit over a territory of a hundred thousand acres.

He was a sort of secular medicant friar. An incidental part of his mission was to spread the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. In the following poem Mr. Lindsay pays homage to a character that has been too often treated as eccentric only.—*The Editor*.

I. OVER THE APPALACHIAN BARRICADE

In the days of President Washington,
The glory of the nations,

Dust and ashes,
Snow and sleet,
And hay and oats and wheat,
Blew west,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Found the glades of rotting leaves, the soft deer-
pastures,
The farms of the far-off future
In the forest.
Colts jumped the fence,
Snorting, ramping, snapping, sniffing,
With gastronomic calculations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
The east walls of our citadel,
And turned to gold-horned unicorns,
Feasting in the dim, volunteer farms of the forest.
Stripedest, kickingest kittens escaped,
Caterwauling "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
Renounced their poor relations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to tiny tigers
In the humorous forest.
Chickens escaped
From farmyard congregations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to amber trumpets
On the ramparts of our Hoosiers' nest and citadel,
Millennial heralds
Of the mazy forest.
Pigs broke loose, scrambled west,
Scorned their loathsome stations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Turned to roaming, foaming wild boars
Of the forest.
The smallest, blindest puppies toddled west
While their eyes were coming open,
And, with misty observations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Barked, barked, barked

At the glow-worms and the marsh lights and the
lightning-bugs,
And turned to ravening wolves
Of the forest.
Crazy parrots and canaries flew west,
Drunk on May-time revelations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to delirious, flower-dressed fairies
Of the lazy forest.
Haughtiest swans and peacocks swept west,
And, despite soft derivations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to blazing warrior souls
Of the forest,
Singing the ways
Of the Ancient of Days,
And the "Old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals,"
With bard's imaginations,
Crossed the Appalachians.
And
A boy
Blew west,
And with prayers and incantations,
And with "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
Crossed the Appalachians,
And was "young John Chapman,"
Then
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"
Chief of the fastnesses, dappled and vast,
In a pack on his back,
In a deer-hide sack,
The beautiful orchards of the past,
The ghosts of all the forests and the groves—
In that pack on his back,
In that talisman sack,
Tomorrow's peaches, pears, and cherries,
Tomorrow's grapes and red raspberries,
Seeds and tree souls, precious things,

Feathered with microscopic wings,
All the outdoors the child heart knows,
And the apple, green, red, and white,
Sun of his day and his night—
The apple allied to the thorn,
Child of the rose.

Porches untrod of forest houses
All before him, all day long,
"Yankee Doodle" his marching song;
And the evening breeze
Joined his psalms of praise
As he sang the ways
Of the Ancient of Days.

Leaving behind august Virginia,
Proud Massachusetts, and proud Maine,
Planting the trees that would march and train
On, in his name to the great Pacific,
Like Birnam wood to Dunsinane,
Johnny Appleseed swept on,
Every shackle gone,
Loving every sloshy brake,
Loving every skunk and snake,
Loving every leathery weed,
Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,
Master and ruler of the unicorn-ramping forest,
The tiger-mewing forest,
The rooster-trumpeting, boar-foaming, wolf-ravaging
forest,
The spirit-haunted, fairy-enchanted forest,
Stupendous and endless,
Searching its perilous ways
In the name of the Ancient of Days.

II. THE INDIANS WORSHIP HIM, BUT HE HURRIES ON
Painted kings in the midst of the clearings
Heard him asking his friends the eagles
To guard each planted seed and seedling.

Then he was a god, to the red man's dreaming;
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and
fair,—

Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,
Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
Stuck holy feathers in his hair,
Hailed him with austere delight.
The orchard god was their guest through the night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie,
Scourging rock and river and reed,
All night long they made great medicine
For Jonathan Chapman,
Johnny Appleseed,
Johnny Appleseed;
And as though his heart were a wind-blown wheat-
sheaf,
As though his heart were a new-built nest,
As though their heaven house were his breast,
In swept the snow-birds singing glory.
And I hear his bird heart beat its story,
Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,
Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,
Dim and decaying by the rivers,
And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,
And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beating.

But he left their wigwams and their love.
By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark,
Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh,
Went forth to live on roots and bark,
Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by.
Calling the catamounts by name,
And buffalo bulls no hand could tame,
Slaying never a living creature,
Joining the birds in every game,
With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking,
With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shouting;

Sticking their feathers in his hair,—
Turkey feathers,
Eagle feathers,—
Trading hearts with the whole young earth,
Swept on winged and wonder-crested,
Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted.

The maples, shedding their spinning seeds,
Called to his appleseeds in the ground,
Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly nations,
Called to his seeds without a sound.
And the chipmunk turned a somersault,
And the foxes danced the Virginia reel;
Hawthorne and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet,
And dropped their flowers in his night-black hair;
And the soft fawns stopped for his perorations;
And his black eyes shone through the forest-gleam,
And he plunged young hands into new-turned earth,
And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth;
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream.
And so for us he made great medicine,
And so for us he made great medicine,
In the days of President Washington.

III. JOHNNY APPLESEED'S OLD AGE

Long, long after,
When settlers put up beam and rafter,
They asked of the birds: "Who gave this fruit?
Who watched this fence till the seeds took root?
Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky,
And there was no reply.
But the robin might have said,
"To the farthest West he has followed the sun,
His life and his empire just begun."

Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages,
Stripped like the iron-souled Hindu sages,
Draped like a statue, in strings like a scarecrow,

His helmet-hat an old tin pan,
But worn in the love of the heart of man,
More sane than the helm of Tamerlane,
Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson Crusoe—

Johnny Appleseed;
And the robin might have said,
“Sowing, he goes to the far, new West,
With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—
The apple allied to the thorn,
Child of the rose.”

Washington buried in Virginia,
Jackson buried in Tennessee,
Young Lincoln, dreaming in Illinois,
And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free,
Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years,
Still planted on in the woods alone.
Ohio and young Indiana—
These were his wide altar-stone,
Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years ahead
of the white man,
At last the Indian overtook him, at last the Indian
hurried past him;
At last the white man overtook him, at last the white
man hurried past him;
At last his own trees overtook him, at last his own
trees hurried past him.
Many cats were tame again,
Many ponies tame again,
Many pigs were tame again,
Many canaries tame again;
And the real frontier was his sun-burnt breast.

From the fiery core of that apple, the earth,
Sprang apple-amaranths divine.
Love's orchards climbed to the heavens of the West,
And snowed the earthly sod with flowers.

Farm hands from the terraces of the blest
Danced on the mists with their ladies fine;
And Johnny Appleseed laughed with his dreams,
And swam once more the ice-cold streams.
And the doves of the spirit swept through the hours,
With doom-calls, love-calls, death-calls, dream-calls;
And Johnny Appleseed, all the year,
Lifted his hands to the farm-filled sky,
To the apple-harvesters busy on high;
And so once more his youth began,
And so for us he made great medicine—
Johnny Appleseed, medicine-man.

Then
The sun was their turned-up barrel,
Out of which their apples rolled,
Down the repeated terraces,
Thumping across the gold,
A presence in each apple that touched the forest mold,
A ballot-box in each apple,
A state capital in each apple,
Great high schools, great colleges,
All America in each apple,

Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon
That touched the forest mold.
Like scrolls and rolled-up flags of silk,
He saw the fruits unfold,
All color and all glory in one wild-flower-tangled
dream,
Confusion and death sweetness, and a thicket of crab-
thorns,
Heart of a hundred midnights, heart of thousand
morns,
Heaven's boughs bent down with their alchemy,
Perfumed airs, and thoughts of wonder.
And the dew on the grass and his own cold tears
Were one in brooding mystery,
Though death's loud thunder came upon him,

Though death's loud thunder struck him down;
The boughs and the proud thoughts swept through the
thunder,
Till he saw the wide nation, each State a flower,
Each petal a park for holy feet,
With wild fawns merry on every street,
The vista of a thousand years, flower-lighted and
complete.

Hear the lazy weeds murmuring, bays and rivers whispering,
From Michigan to Texas, California to Maine;
Listen to the eagles, screaming, calling,
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were
the quilt.
He laid him down sweetly, and slept through the
night,
Like a bump on a log, like a stone washed white,
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

The Century Magazine

Vachel Lindsay

MIRRORS

I am told that beauty is a reflection.
I am wondering if it is true that beauty does not exist,
That it is a reflection.
If beauty is a reflection there must somewhere be a
mirror.
The mirror itself may be beauty.
It is very puzzling.

I am in an elevated train.
An old woman and a young woman are sitting
together.
It is by chance that they are sitting together.
They are strangers.

I can see that the young woman is modish.
High heels and pumps are part of her beauty.
A purple hat, the folds of her veil, suggestions of color
are parts of her beauty.
Slimness, contour, languor of manner
Industriously support and reassure her beauty.
I can see her beauty.
It is not a reflection.

I can see the slimness of the old woman.
It is lean.
I am aware of her contour.
It is hungry.
The old woman does not have a purple hat
But there is a veil over her face.
The pattern of the veil is fine and very soft
It was woven by pain.
The eyes of the old woman have been set in light
It is not a common light.
It was kindled by joy.
I am not looking at the old woman.
I am looking at a mirror and a reflection.

Contemporary Verse *Herbert H. Longfellow*

YELLOW LEAVES

Songs, once heard, are heard again
With first hearing laden;
Be it joy they brushed, or pain,
Be it man or maiden,

Down the years they bear off, now
Memories for freighting;
Sunsets in their sails, at prow,
Lanterns of long waiting.

Raindrops in the dark, to one,
Hush two hearts together;
This man loves an April sun,
That, wild ocean weather.
When you said it, yesterday,
Yellow leaves wore sorrow:
Yellow leaves will always say
There is no tomorrow.

Harper's Magazine

Benjamin R. C. Low

THE REVENGE

All night I read a little book,
A very little book it was.
It had a pretty, shimmering look
Like silver threaded into gauze.

I read it till the windows turned
Into blue ghosts which stared at me.
The fire tittered as it burned.
A dwarfish sneer perched on my knee.

Who was it put the poison there?
Who has conceived this hellish thing—
To lay a sightless, soundless snare
Amid its lovely whispering?

So gently came the rush of rhymes,
So lightly breathed the poison in—
Who thinks of cinquecento crimes,
White hellebore on jessamine?

I took that little shy, sleek book
And set a crimson match to it.
It crinkled like a freshet brook,
And flaked and vanished, bit by bit.

There was no book my hands could hold,
No book my eyes could ever see,
But round my head it ran, a bold
Ironical phylactery.

I cannot read the book again,
But there's no need, it scalds my head,
A strip of livid, living pain
I shall not lose till I am dead.

For hate is old as eagle peaks,
And hate is new as sunrise gulls,
And hate is ravening vulture beaks
Descending on a place of skulls.

Hate is a torch, hate is a spur,
Hate will accomplish my design:
The author's first biographer!
I pray, O Hate, that task be mine.

I shall not need to criticize
Nor look the subject up at all,
But simply turn round both my eyes
And gaze at my brain's inner wall.

There I shall see a fresco wreath
Of letters moulded of dried tears,
And annotated underneath
The things I've thought and thought for years.

'Twill be a pleasant job, I think,
To crumble up those dusty tears,
And stir them thickly in my ink:
Hate paid at last his long arrears.

My footnotes will enrich the brew
With colours I've brought back from Hell.
I'll write down all I ever knew.
By Satan's ears, I'll write it well!

By Satan's tongue! I'll tell the truth,
And not one word will add to it,
From his egregious, twisted youth
To his last frozen torture fit.

I'll write down his biography
So that the world will die of laughter.
I'll pin him like a squirming fly,
A comic spasm of hereafter.

I'll make his sins a jig of mirth,
His loves so many masterpieces
Of high derision. I will dig
Bare the cold roots of his caprices.

I'll sling about him every soul
He squeezed and drained to give him drink.
His wife gone mad—I'll make it droll.
Bless the Hell colors in my ink!

I'll leave him not a decent rag
Of tragedy to wrap about him.
I'll hang him up as a red flag
Till every street boy learns to shout him.

I've taken up a pretty whim,
But, tit for tat, he had his chance.
And I may end by blessing him,
My partner in this ghoulisn dance.

He slew me for a time—admitted;
But I shall slay him for all time.
Poor shrivelled clown whom I've outwitted,
I pardon you your poisoned rhyme.

Go peacefully, for I have done
With you, and your false book is dead.
There's sorrow, too, in having won.
Go softly then, and go wellsped.

The New Republic

Amy Lowell

THE BOOK OF STONES AND LILIES

I read a book
With a golden name,
Written in blood
On a leaf of flame.

And the words of the book
Were clothed in white,
With tiger colors
Making them bright.

The sweet words sang
Like an angel choir,
And their purple wings
Beat the air to fire.

Then I rose on my bed,
And attended my ear,
And the words sang carefully
So I could hear.

The dark night opened
Like a silver bell,
And I heard what it was
The words must tell:
"Heaven is good.
Evil is Hell."

The night shut up
Like a silver bell.
But the words still sang,
And I listened well.

I heard the tree-winds
Crouch and roar,
I saw green waves
On a stony shore.

I saw blue wings
In a beat of fire.
My hands clutched the feathers
Of all desire.

I cried for hammers,
For a hand of brass,
But my soul was hot
As melted glass.

Then the bright, bright words,
All clothed in white,
Stood in the circle of the silver night.
And sang:
"Energy is Eternal Delight.
Energy is the only life."

And my sinews were like bands of brass,
And the glass of my soul hardened and shone
With all fires, and I sought the ripeness of sacrifice
Across the dew and the gold of a young day.

. *Scribner's Magazine*

Amy Lowell

MINIATURE

Because the little gentleman made nautical instruments
And lived in a street which ran down to the sea,
The neighbors called him "Salt Charlie."
I wonder what they would have said if they had known
That he stole out every evening to a sweet-shop
And bought sticks of red-and-white sugar candy.
It was a pleasant thing to see him,
Standing meekly before the custom-house,
Sucking a sugar-stick,
And gazing at the dead funnels of anchored steamers
Against a star-sprung sky.

I thought of him in an oval gilt frame
Against sprigged wall-paper,
Done in Fra Angelico pinks and blues
Of a clear and sprightly elegance.
Wherefore, being convinced of his value as ornament,
I have set him on paper for the delectation
Of sundry scattered persons
Who consider such things important.

The Century Magazine

Amy Lowell

AQUATINT FRAMED IN GOLD

Six flights up in an out-of-date apartment house
Where all the door-jambs and wainscots are of black
walnut

And the last tenant died at the ripe age of eighty.

Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,

Crowded into a corner against the black walnut
wainscot.

Surrounded by the house-gods of her family for
three generations:

Teak-wood cabinets, rice-paper picture-books, slim,
comfortless chairs of spotted bamboo.

Too many house-gods for the space allotted them,
exuding an old and corroding beauty, a beauty
faded and smelling of the past.

Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,

Accurately telling the time, but forgetting whether
it is today or yesterday.

Sleeping every night in a walnut bedstead

With a headboard like the end of a family pew;

Waking every morning to the photographs of dead
relations,

Dead relations sifted all over the house,

Accumulated in drifts like dust or snow.

Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,

Indifferently keeping up an old tradition.

Unconcernedly registering the anniversaries of ill-
nesses and deaths,

But omitting the births, they were so long ago.

The lady is neither young nor old,

She walks like a waxwork among her crumbling pos-
sessions.

She is automatic and ageless like the clock,

And she, too, is of a bygone pattern.

She sits at her frugal dinner,

Careful of its ancient etiquette,
Opposite the portrait of a great-aunt
Done by a forgotten painter.
The portrait lived once, it would seem,
To judge by the coquetry of its attire,
But the lady has always been a waxwork,
Of no age in particular,
But of an unquestioned ancestry.
 Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,
 Ironically recording an hour of no importance.
The Nation *Amy Lowell*

INDIAN SUMMER

Blossoms shaken from their star forms
Back to earth,
Flying seedlings warm and waiting
Drift in sunlight with the going
Of the birds towards the south.

Birds are going!
They will sing before they go,
Fill the orchard with their mirth;
Song of harvest, song of summer, song of spring-
time—
They remember it was April long ago!

We are parting,
You are going towards the south!
Love was birth.
Is this dying,
Death my harvest, grief my summer, tears my spring-
time? . . .
Well, kiss me kindly,
Song is warmest on the mouth!
Give me love before you go!

The Lyric

Jeannette Marks

CLEAR POOLS

What is this bitterness of love that scatters dust in
the eyes?

What this absence that shrivels the heart and the
blood?

What these cries that stop the ears with their pain?

Oh, my Beloved, let us take our love unto God,
He understands, He has fashioned us and is kind;
How well He knows that love must carry its burden
If it would run to bathe in clear pools and lift its
eyes to the stars!

What are we that we should not know that we are His?
And of Him our passion and of Him our tears?

His breast is deep and He will fold us there
In the mystery of his dark, in the miracle of His close-
ness.

Distance from us knows He not, nor space,
And our love which is His, how can it be divided from
itself?

Are we not one even as we are His?

What is that cry?

Is it sorrow or is it the wind upon the waters?

What is this light that flows like a brook?

Oh, my Beloved, how well He knows that love must
carry its burden

If it would run to bathe in clear pools and lift its eyes
to the stars!

The Lyric

Jeannette Marks

ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK AND GOLD

New Orleans, 1821

The lovely Portuguese is dead,
Tall candles burn about her head.
Her negro slave, Lili-Alixé,
Prays with an ivory crucifix.
Until strange men knock on the door,
And walk upon the painted floor . . .
O men who bear this poor dead woman
Unto that place where nothing's human,
Behold your shadows this noon day
And know that she is less than they.
Rejoice that these black phantoms move,
Your living presences to prove:
Yourselves that still the heavy sun
Finds here alive, and shines upon.

The Double Dealer

Walter McClellan

MISS LIZA

Miss Liza used to sew for us
When we were little folk;
Her eyes were black like cut-jet beads,
Her teeth clicked when she spoke.
Across her breast were rows of pins,
While dangling from a string
Of turkey-red around her waist,
Her scissors used to swing.

She made us gay checked gingham frocks
With sashes in the back,
And when we wriggled, trying on,
She'd give our heads a crack
With her big thimble made of steel,
Or stick us with a pin,

And then we'd cry so loud and sharp
That Mother would come in
To pat the place that hurt, or bring
A plate of ginger cakes:
Miss Liza'd raise her hands and say:
"Well this beats all, lands' sakes!
If these ain't just the spoiltest brats!"
Then Mother'd stay a while
And give us bits of dotted swiss
To make doll-clothes, and smile
And tell Miss Liza not to mind,
For children didn't know
How hard it was for grown-up ones
To make their clothes, and so
Miss Liza'd sew on petticoats,
With puffs and tucks in slants,
And lace-edged ruffled muslin drawers,
Or little boys' pants.

Then after supper by the lamp,
She'd knit and tell us how
Aunt Annie tried when she was young,
To milk the spotted cow.
But best of all the stories was
The one that Father played
At scalping Indians and the boys
Went with him on a raid
To Farmer Jones' turkey flock,
Which scattered in affright,
And over-turned a hive of bees
That put the boys to flight.

So windy nights when fingers seem
To tap upon the pane,
I see Miss Liza knitting socks,
And hear those tales again.

The Boston Transcript

Virginia Taylor McCormick

THE BASKET MAKER

Day after day he sits,
His back like a low, round hill,
While with knotted and work-worn hands
(That have gained each year new skill)
He plaits the reeds and withes
Into intricate, beautiful things,
Whose patterns, like thoughts, go out
In infinite wanderings. . . .
Patterns that bring to the man,
Crouched under the matted hair
(Gone grey with the sorrow of days
And leaden nights of despair)
Dear dreams of a wild-spent youth,
When the fields and the roads called, Come!
Of a girl, madonna-faced, pale,
Whose beauty had left him dumb.

For the heritage of his race
Was silence . . . he found no word . . .
Love cowered and shrank away
Like a wing-clipped, frightened bird.
Ambitionless, dull, half dead,
Day in, day out he stayed
Bent over his wooden bench. . . .
Plain useful baskets were made. . . .
Then something stirred in his soul
And wakened the beauty that lay
Dormant through weary years,
Too numb to hope or pray. . . .

So the twisted yet habile hands
Forever laid aside
The patterns old and plain. . . .
Fine flexible reeds were dyed
With exquisite colours, soft
As lights in the skies of June
When the gold of the setting sun

Gives place to an argent moon:
With crimson and blue and green,
With deep, rich purple of Tyre,
And delicate amber and bronze
Like the flame of a driftwood fire.

Now ever the strong gnarled hands
Weave patterns whose splendour seems
To crown the bowed grey head
With a halo of wonderful dreams!
And always the wearied back
Leans over light shapes so rare
That the spirit of ancient Greece
Appears incarnate there.
And deep in the grief-seared heart
Where beauty has bloomed from pain,
Is the music of rustling wings
And the freshness of summer rain.

American Poetry Magazine
Virginia Taylor McCormick

A NEW ENGLAND SPINSTER

She never married,
For she never tarried
In all her life for her own pleasure;
Wasted no youthful hours with love;
Knew no regrets in her maturity;
Gazed rigidly on futurity;
And now in her tracks grown old the leisure
This great square candled room speaks of
To you or me
Still is familiar to her as can be
In terms of helpfulness to others.
Religion enough were her six brothers—
Who are dead—

And, as they never wed,
She was mother to each brother
And wife in wife's stead.

Cyrus drowed in the Pilgrim chair;
A sampler young Ezra worked hangs there;
William's geraniums are growing yet
(She keeps them wet);
Absalom stared at the low cracked ceiling,
When his brain had no more thinking in it,
Till the grandfather clock ticked his last minute;
The cane blind Henry used for feeling
Stands where his nervous hands
Put it to stay (she would not move it); and the last,
Epaphroditus, she told me, was the owner
(Some earlier bygone being the donor)
Of that scrupulously dusted plaster cast
Upon the mantelpiece, to which each night
She has brought for the ghosts their candle light
As long as the town has known her.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

William B. McCourtie

ALONE ON THE HILL

Alone on the hill
In the warm October noon,
With the woods below
And beyond their brilliance the sea:
The moment has come,
The rapt still instant of being,
When water and wood are gone.
There is nothing now
But the on-running fluid of hours
Gleaming with blue, yellow, crimson.

Now quick! Let me run on sharp stones,
Let me strangle in surf choked with the bitter salt-
water!
Let me feel pain, feel torture,
And the acid hunger of loneliness!
Give me self, self—
Before I am lost
In this madness of space eternal,
This horror of dream triumphant.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Frederick R. McCreary

SUBWAY WIND

Far down, down through the city's great, gaunt gut
The grey train rushing bears the weary wind;
In the packed cars the fans the crowd's breath cut,
Leaving the sick and heavy air behind.
And pale-cheeked children seek the upper door
To give their summer jackets to the breeze;
Their laugh is swallowed in the deafening roar
Of captive wind that moans for fields and seas;
Seas cooling warm where native schooners drift
Through sleepy waters where gulls wheel and sweep,
Waiting for windy waves their keels to lift
Lightly among the islands of the deep;
Islands of lofty palm trees blooming white
That lend their perfume to the tropic sea,
Where fields lie idle in the dew-drenched night,
And the Trades float above them fresh and free.

The Liberator

Claude McKay

LA PALOMA IN LONDON

About Soho we went before the light;
We went, unresting six, craving new fun,
New scenes, new raptures for the fevered night
Of rollicking laughter, drink and song, was done.
The vault was void, but for the dawn's great star
That shed upon our path its silver flame,
When La Paloma on a low guitar
Abruptly from a darkened casement came.—
Harlem! All else a blank, I saw the hall,
And you in your red shoulder sash come dancing
With Val, against me careless by the wall,
Your burning coffee-colored eyes keen glancing
Aslant at mine, proud in your golden glory!
I loved you, Cuban girl, fond sweet Diory.

The Liberator

Claude McKay

COLOR OF WATER

You will be the color of water;
Your voice will be like the wind;
You will go where the dust goes;
None will know you have sinned.

None will know you are quiet,
Or fluent, or bound, or free;
None will care you are nothing;
You will be nothing to me.

Except a scarlet remembrance . . .
As if, in a dream of pride,
A poppy had flaunted her petals
One day to the sun, and died.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Marjorie Meeker

SONG FOR A MAY NIGHT

Heigho!

Many mysterious things I know!

I know why the moon is like a moth—
Do you?

I know why stars are many, and suns
Are few.

I know a place where a star fell down,
And made a hole in the middle of town,
And all the people jumped in. And so—
Heigho!

Other mysterious things I know!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Marjorie Meeker

PULLMAN PORTRAITS

I

Down the green plush lane, at the forward end of
the car,

There are seven Iowa farmers' tired old wives
With their faces set toward the perfumed orange
groves

For a lyrical end to their prosy, cumbered lives;
And all day long with their red, work-twisted hands
On their black silk laps they idle, they rest, they
play;

They badger the grime-gray brakemen, make new
friends—

"Say, Pa, this gentleman *here's* from Ioway!"

II

While the bored, late breakfast crowd in the diner
fumed

And a thin man snarled that his coffee wasn't hot,

I saw them carry her by with clumsy haste—
A silent, sagging shape on a sagging cot,
And all day long there seeps through my noisy car,
Through the tight-shut, shining door of the drawing-
room,
The sense of a breathless race with hours and
miles . . .
The sense of doom, of imminent, hovering doom;
And whenever the loose-limbed brakeman hurtles
through,
Frolicsome-shy as a sidling setter pup,
The mother's jerking face at the crack of the door—
"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can
make it up?"

III

There's an old young soldier raptly hurrying home
With a line of shining deeds across his coat,
But the scar far back in his aching-tired eyes
Is a deeper scar than the one along his throat,
And all day long I am watching him realize . . .
That the show is done; he has missed his cue; he's
late;
The bands are stilled and the WELCOME signs are
down,
And his shining deeds—*his* war—is out of date!

IV

A big, thick-wristed man in the section across;
The delicate, fresh-dressed woman by his side
With the look in her face of a stale, warmed-over
dream,
Is a bride, a pitiful, tardy, Autumn bride,
And all day long, sitting still in her green plush seat,
She escapes, she flees, she hides . . . till the train's
harsh tune
Summons her back to the touch of his thick, cold hand,
To bring her November heart to the feast of June.

.

Can they ever learn to rest in their orange groves?
Is the engine aware of the drawing-room's tragic
need?—

And the soldier's eyes—and the dream that stood too
long?

I am tense with the urge for a greater, kinder speed;
And all day long, till the desert sun slides down
And the farmers' wives are noisy with plate and cup,
Now soft, now shrill, four-keyed, it pierces
through . . .

"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can make
it up?"

Scribner's Magazine

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

A SHRINE

Think in what fashion this one man would rise
From cold dust, confined up against decay,
To find his solitary place a way
For stupid feet and trivial, staring eyes.
These noisy rooks in blue, white-clouded skies
Would have recalled for him all rapt delay
Pleasure occasions death—and judgment day;
His second choice was silence, where he lies.

Seas were not made to swim in: shallow streams
Flowing through shadow, dappled with dim light,
These be our playgrounds, as the deep sea teems
Menacing, sullen shapes that haunt the sight—
Now and again divers dive down for dreams
To come up calm from knowledge of its night.

The Dial

Stewart Mitchell

ALL SOULS' EVE

Hark!—do you hear the choral dead?
Forgotten now their pride
Who on this night would have us know
They passed unsatisfied.

They shiver like the thin brown leaves
Upon a sapless tree,
Clinging with palsied, withered might
To their identity.

Their voices are the unearthly winds
That die before the dawn;
And each one has some tale to tell,
And, having told, is gone.

Ah!—you who come with sea-blue eyes,
And dead these hundred years,
Be satisfied! I hold the cup
Still brimming with your tears.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse
Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

LULLABY

Come, sleep. Her heart's a wood-anemone.
Her thoughts are swallows flown
Across the dusk. Her hair's a willow-tree
By the west wind blown.
Her eyes are pools where bubbles rise and break—
Dream-bubbles from the deep.
Her soul's a moth that flutters in their wake.
Come sleep. . . . come sleep. — .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse
Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

A PRINT BY HOKUSAI

Of what avail
The tiny winds that call
To the indifferent sea? To ships a-sail
The twilight's silver pall
Whispers of night
Without one ripple stirred.
But on the shoals three fishermen in white
Are watching . . . They have heard. . . .
How still the ships!—
So soon to feel the breath
Of winds that rush to meet the sea's cold lips
And fill the night with death!

The Bookman

Florence Kilpatrick Mixer

UTAH

It was a queer country your harsh Lord gave you,
Great Brigham, whom I see coated and curled
In bronze before me in the public square!
It was a scraped and shining skeleton,
Gnawed to the bone long since at God's first breakfast
And thrown away to bleach out in the sun.
Yet here He led you—
The Lord and his vicegerent Joseph Smith—
He ordered you
To take the dead earth from His niggard hand
And set His Throne up by the salty sea—
The little bucketful of ocean, poured
Over the desert's feet between the hills.

And so you starved and prayed,
Thirsted and starved and prayed through the lean
years,
Keeping the faith, digging your little ditches,

Making the desert blossom as the rose.
You married many wives,
And got you many children to fulfil
The special order whispered in the night
To His apostle by the Lord Himself—
The God of Abraham, of Saul and David,
Of Solomon and other lustful kings.

And here, tithe upon tithe, stone upon stone,
Your saints built up His throne unto the Lord
From plans the angel taught your hand to draw:
His new Solomon's Temple, heaven-rememberd,
To rise again here at the western gate,
And prove His glory in these latter days!
Great Brigham, sleeping now under the desert
With all your wives,
What summary vengeance have you meted out
To that ironic angel?

*He alone builds
Who builds for beauty, shrining his little truth
In stones that make it fair.*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Harriet Monroe*

GROWTH

It was such a little, little sin
And such a great big day,
That I thought the hours would swallow it,
Or the wind blow it away.

But the moments passed so swiftly,
And the wind died out somehow,
And the sin that was once a weakling
Is a hungry giant now.

The Lyric

John Richard Moreland

BIRCH TREES

The night is white,
The moon is high,
The birch trees lean
Against the sky.

The cruel winds
Have blown away
Each little leaf
Of silver gray.

O lonely trees
As white as wool . . .
That moonlight makes
So beautiful.

The Personalist

John Richard Moreland

A MINOR POET

The sun is a fire
Of liquid gold,
The moon is a beacon
And silver cold.

The planets burn
With a flaming light,
The stars are the topaz
Eyes of night.

But I am only
A glow-worm's spark,
Revealing the rose
When the moon is dark.

The Lyric

John Richard Moreland

A GRAVE

A grave seems only six feet deep
And three feet wide,
Viewed with the calculating eye
Of one outside.

But when fast bound in the chill loam
For that strange sleep,
Who knows how wide its realm may be?
Its depths, how deep?

The Lyric

John Richard Moreland

IOWA

Flat as is pancake, fertile as can be,
All the way from Keokuk to Calliope;
Corn that kisses cloudlets when its tassels wave,
Land that laughs a harvest where the reapers shave.

Sing a song of mountains to Iowa's fame!
You will find there Ætna—anyway, in name—
Then too there is Lehigh (accent "high" of course),
Maple Hill, and Morning Sun mounts up perforce.

Early in the action, long before Des Moines
Took thought to its cubits, girded up its loins,
There was Cedar Rapids, there was Muscatine,
There was Maquoketa, Calamus, Exline.

Sing a song of hamlets of Iowa fair—
Audubon, Elkader, Laramie, Tara, Clare,
Anita, Stuart, Shambaugh, Casey, Imogene,
Pella, Pocahontas, Packwood gild the scene.

Run along the top line—Swea, Mona, Rake—
Or if you prefer it, then the western take,
Where the old Big Muddy swirls its browns and buffs,
Twisting from Sioux City down past Council Bluffs.

Sing a song of streamlets, spreading like a fan—
Little Sioux Creek, Shell Rock, Wapsipinican,
Floyd, Nishnabatana—syllables have sunk
In the ears that hear them—Raccoon, Hoyer, Skunk.

You can go to Harvard or to College Springs;
You can go to Persia, though you have no wings;
You can go to Lisbon, Tripoli and Rome,
But somehow you'll find them very much like home.

Come! a foreign chanson of Iowa trill—
Albion, Moravia, Batavia, Brazil,
Hamburg and Manila, Geneva and Peru,
Even a Virginia, a Virginia *News*.

There is Promise City, Sac and Story too;
Bonaparte, Marengo—yes, and Waterloo;
There is old Ottumwa, What Cheer, Swaledale—lush!
Adel, Waukee, Ollie, Oelwein—needs no bush.

Thus we sing Iowa—Ida Grove, Calmar,
Soldier, Marne, Kalona, Gray, Dubuque, Kamrar,
Odebolt, Galva, Washta, Coggon, Rudd, Diff, Dows,
Coin, Clarinda, Holstein—go, and call the cows.

The N. Y. Herald

Maurice Morris

THE PASSER-BY

I have seen the shattering of shells
And the shattering of hearts,
And I do not know which is worse—
Only, the wound I got
From the shattering of shells
Is nearly healed—
While I cannot wash away
The spating of blood on my dreams
From the shattering of hearts.

The Forum

Helene Mullins

BY THE WISSAHICKON

I

Here in this place there shall be solitude
And harvesting of matter for your thought,
Beauty to see that many dawns have brought
Out of the night of earth to be this wood,
Wintered to quietness where the trees brood
On gentle buds whose waking shall be wrought
By pressure of the sun of spring and taught
A perfect flowering out of lowlihood.
Here shall the city come to honor peace
Where peace is precious with the new bird's song,
And dare forgotten loyalties to worth
Of simple, priceless things; or let it cease
Its pilgrimage, and may this place belong
To trees, and children, and the breathing earth.

II

Wherefore should any man, because no man
Now makes this place his home, here fear to stay
A little portion of his willful day
And be a little useless, with no plan
Save that of saying: that which will be, can?
For here long since has last year gone its way
With cast off leaves and not a twig, from gray,
Is green enough for hope since thaws began.
Yet in this meekness frontiers are made free
For summer's kingdom; life has reached the light
From deeps of seed and quails not to fulfill
Its mystery because a mystery
Of death and deeper planting has its night,
Passionless, in the marble on the hill.

III

O hungry minds of men, here in the shade
The summer broods and harvest shall be near;
Maybe the budding of your hope shall here
Break in the silence of a noon-hot glade;

Maybe you'll see this gentle water made
The image where eternal things appear,
Behind all moving and all rest, that wear
Time, like a flower, on their bosom laid.
Why should not tired hearts foretaste of bliss
When promise of the summer dares to keep
Such lovely troth? and tired eyes again
Have quiet meditation, or in this
Roof of the summer's kindness, gently sleep
Beneath the hallelujahs of the rain?

IV

"Awake! Awake! The summer is forlorn
With memory of how the winter came;
The harvest that you dream is but a name
To wither self-delusion up in scorn;
This house of beauty beauty shall leave, torn
And mutilated for the ready flame,
And nothing shall remain to it but shame
Of naked branches mercilessly shorn."
Because of the coming of the wind, shall we
Outrun the panic of the driven leaves?
Empty ourselves of what our eyes have seen
Because the summer's beauty left no sheaves?
For failure to find here what cannot be,
Forfeit the mercy that we know has been?

V

Autumn is wielding beauty like a sword
And lifts the torch to set her woods afire;
The splendor of her light is song borne higher
On the deep colors of an organ chord;
And sudden wonder is again the lord
Who battles once again for his empire;
And truth seems almost what we most desire
Since vision dares to be its own reward.
Shall this be but an old discarded story
Told for a little while in heart of youth,

Vanishing with a shout of "Glory, glory!"?
Because beatitude and beauty meet,
Is truth that finds its beauty less the truth,
Though it be beauty of our own defeat?

VI

Now has the autumn, like the golden head
Of childhood, vanished; and our paradise
Of beauty has become a place of sighs
Blown down the alley to the leaves' dark bed.
Yet, back of failure of a vision fled,
The unknown truth is waiting for our eyes,
And that which bade us seek and bade us rise
To meet the vision, is unwithered.
For love, that gathers wisdom as it goes
From lowlihood up to the pure in heart,
Will dare to offer to the truth's own sight
Nothing but love at last; and when the rose
Of autumn crashes, love shall play its part,
Alone, with the unknown, and snow, and night.

Independent and Weekly Review

Charles R. Murphy

TO EARTH

Oh, fortunate the waiting that shall end in wonder,
And blessed now the patience that is in thy biding;
For now are the herded clouds and the wild rain's
thunder
Over the roof of thy quiet seeds' hiding.

We too, O earth, shall need thy blessedness of waiting
For the green flowering of pastures, when the panting
Storm shall cease; though blood be the rain that is
abating,
And men be the seeds of our wild planting.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Charles R. Murphy

A MORAL EMBLEM OF MATURITY

Man grows up
In quietness.
As he grows older,
He talks less.

When he is old
He sits among
Gray grandfathers
And holds his tongue.

I'd rather sit
By a wine shelf
And tell people
About myself.

The Reviewer

Robert Nathan
(*Frere Rombadille*)

AT THE SYMPHONY (César Franck D. Minor)

The 'cellos, preluding apart,
Grumbled and sang, and so the day
From the low beaches of my heart
Turned in tranquility away.

And over weariness and doubt
Rose up the horns like bellied sails,
Like canvas of the soul flung out
To rising and orchestral gales,

Passed on and left irresolute
The ebony, the silver throat;

Low over clarinet and flute
Hung heaven upon a single note.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Robert Nathan

LOVE HATH NO PHYSIC

Love hath no physic for a grief too deep,
But like the adder that with poisoned breath
Bites its own wound and stings itself to sleep,
So with its hurt love wounds itself to death.
That slender serpent, mottled as the pest,
Is its own merciful and bitter friend;
Hast thou a grief? Go clasp it to thy breast;
Hast thou a poison? Drain it to the end.
Cry then, cry all thy heart out with its pain;
Hearts grow again, and eyes have better sight
After too many tears, as summer rain
Washes the air, and leaves it sweet and bright;
And birds step out on trees, whose happy song
Is often stilled, but never stilled for long.

The Nation

Robert Nathan

HUNGER INN

Waiter, waiter!
The hour is late.
Bring me love on a silver plate,
Topped with green from the coolest springs,
Garnished with kisses in golden rings,
Warmed with laughter and spiced with tears,
The love I've famished for all these years.

"We're just out of love, tonight, Madam."

Then hasten, hasten.
The moments pass.
Bring me fame in a tall thin glass,
Ice to clink with a tinkling sound,
Mint-leaves traveling round and round,
Frothy bubbles to break and gleam,
The heady draught of my headiest dream.

"The cellars are empty, Madam."

But, waiter, waiter,
An hour is spent!
Bring me a bowl of old content.
The good contentment we used to bake
In a round brown bowl of the earthen make,
Seasoned well with a housewife's pride,—
Crispy crust, but a soft inside,
Not so rich as a finer dish
But hot and tasty as heart could wish.

"We can't get the ingredients, Madam."

Your fare is poor and your service slow,
Hungry I came, I'll hungry go.
Perchance I can feed me further on.
Bring me my wrap and I'll be gone.

"Just as you say, Madam."

The Double Dealer

Jessica Nelson North

WHERE IT IS WINTER

Now there is frost upon the hill
And no leaf stirring in the wood;
The little streams are cold and still;
Never so still has winter stood.
Never so held as in this hollow,
Beneath these hemlocks dark and low,
Brooding this hour that hours must follow
Burdened with snow. . . .

Now there is nothing, no confusion,
To shield against the silence here;
And spirits, barren of illusion,
To whom all agonies are clear,
Rush on the naked heart and cry
Of every poignant shining thing
Where there is little left to die
And no more Spring.

The Measure

George O'Neil

FOLK-SONG—FROM THE DANISH

Little Rose and her mother, from the boat where it
lay,

Bantered each other in the merriest way.

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

Bantered each other in the merriest way!

“No lover shall wed me—no matter how bold—
Till trees in the garden bear blossoms of gold.”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“Till trees in the garden bear blossoms of gold.”

From the porch thinks Hr. Peder, amused at her jest,
“‘Tis always the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“‘Tis always the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

And when later they entered the garden—behold
From each tree was hanging a ring of bright gold!

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

From each tree was hanging a ring of bright gold!

But Rosalie, scarlet as fresh-dripping blood,
Kept both her eyes fixed on the grass where she stood.

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

Kept both her eyes fixed on the grass where she stood.

Then Hr. Peder he kissed her, still full of the jest:
“Most surely the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“Most surely the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson

LUCREZIA BORGIA'S LAST LETTER

Before me shine the words of her last letter—
Lucrezia Borgia to the Pope at Rome—
Wherein she begs, as life's remaining fetter
Slips from her, that his prayers will guide her
home:

*The favor God has shown to me confessing,
As swift my end approaches, Father, I,
A Christian though a sinner, ask your blessing
And kiss your feet in all humility.*

*The thought of death brings no regret, but pleasure;
And after the last sacrament great peace
Will be mine own—in overflowing measure,
If but your mercy marks my soul's release.*

And here the letter finds a sudden ending,
As though the dying hand had lost its power:
My children to Rome's love and care commending—
Ferrara—Friday—at the fourteenth hour.

An odor as of incense faintly lingers
About the page of saintly sophistries—
And I am thinking clever were the fingers
That could mix poison and write words like these.

Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

SIGHT AND SOUND

I saw a handful of white stars,
Blooming in a width of grass,
I saw a cherry tree, snow-white,
In woods as naked cold as glass.

I saw a blue leaf zig-zag down—
The blue-bird with his russet throat!
From out the sallow cane-break stole
Another blue-bird's aching note.

The blue, the white, I wrote them down
To soothe my heart when spring was over.
No need or help, alas, to write
That blue-bird's "Lover, lover, lover!"

The Lyric

William Alexander Percy

THE GREEN BIRD SEETH ISEULT

A green bird on a golden bush,
And the leaves chimed out and spake:
"What have you seen, what heard, green bird,
Since you heard the blue day break?"

"A sea, a sea, a saffron sea,
And a creamy warm full sail
Floating beneath me as I flew,
And my shadow stamped the sail
Like a clover leaf, a green clover leaf,
Blown from an Irish dale."

"Did lovers pale stand by the sail
That furred the Irish Sea?
Did you catch the glimmer of golden mail
Or the glimmer of hair blown free?"

"Golden each scale of his burnished mail
And her hair was bronze and gold:
From an emerald cup I saw them sup
That their four hands scarce could hold."

"Delight and woe, delight and woe,
Bird of the Irish Sea—
These they drank up from the emerald cup
On the sun-swooned saffron sea."

"Only delight, only delight,
While the beautiful burning blue daylight
Was dappled by me
With the green leaf-shadow shapen in three.
Delight I saw, delight I heard!"
Sang the sunlight-aureoled emerald bird
To the golden tree
Deliriously.

Contemporary Verse *William Alexander Percy*

THE PILGRIM OF THE UPLAND MEADOWS

Diverging trails we climb,
But if you find a flower
I will applaud its perfume,
I will confess its power.

I seek an amaranth
More lovely than its name,
For me a very heart's rue,
For your hearts not the same.

It blows above the blue
Far-vistaed Paphian sea,
Or so the woman said
Whose green eyes 'sorcelled me.

Joy to you in your meadows,
But I'll search mine alone
And find an amaranth
Or else a quiet stone.

Contemporary Verse *William Alexander Percy*

IN THE COLD, BRIGHT WIND

Merlin, Merlin's gone away
With a limmer witch for spouse,
He's gone to spend a sorry year
In the Queen o' Fairies' house.

For gear he's took the sapphie bird
Wi' the bubble in his throat,
His hat was prinked wi' the wee wet flowers
That gaud daft April's coat.

Sunny-cold the bold wind blew
As he strode off down the hill,
His red cloak bellied out and swirled,
His eyes burned gray and chill.

For promise of a warm high bed
And rich renewing drink
He's footed it to Fairyland
Where love's the only swink.

He's gone away, and not alone—
Brightly, O he sinned!
His red cloak glimmers on the thorn
And his laughter on the wind.

Contemporary Verse *William Alexander Percy*

THE UNLOVED TO HIS BELOVED

Could I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With death ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

The Bookman *William Alexander Percy*

BETH MARIE

Impatiently she drew her breath,
So new was life, so wild:
But patiently she waited death
And when he touched her, smiled.

She who had never wished to die,
Who had such fear of pain,
Was tranquil as an evening sky
That flowers from spent rain.

For us her loss was different
From all we could suppose:
The calm of Spartan stars she lent
Who only seemed a rose.

The Double Dealer *William Alexander Percy*

SHE GRIEVES IN THE DUSK

Ah, he was white and slender
And the lamplight turned him gold
And his groping hands were tender
And his kisses never bold.
How shall I sleep through the long, long nights
In my wide cold-sheeted bed,
Hearing the wild geese crying in their flights,
And me afraid,
And him not by to turn and hold me to his heart
In the way he knew,
And me no longer folded to his heart
Thinking him true.
Voices, A Journal of Verse

William Alexander Percy

SHE DREAMS OF AUTUMN

I dreamed that the children were gathering leaves
In our old town.

Autumn was shaking them from the trees,

Down. . . .
 down. . . .
 down. . . .

(The children sing:)

"Autumn, autumn, fling us down your golden leaves.
Send the maples' arms a-shaking, make their
fingers fling

Right and left and all about, high and low and under
them,

Coins of gold that jingle while we dance and sing!

"Autumn, autumn, see us children gathering
Leaves with golden points that gleam like sun-
beams overhead.

We are sweeping, we are heaping leaves and leaves
and more of them.

They come skipping down the street . . . Who
says that they are dead?"

"Children! Children!"

"Mothers, we are listening."

"Pile the leaves up neatly now, and we shall make a
fire."—

("Are they really dead, mother, all these golden
running leaves?")

"We shall do as we are told and pile them higher,
higher."

"Mother!" "Mother!" "Look, the heaps are ready
now!"

"All right! Sing again. We'll bring the matches
soon."

"Autumn, autumn, here are all your golden leaves!

"See their golden fingers that go fumbling for the
moon!

SHALLOWS

I must swim out—
Overlong have I stayed
Here on the warm shale;
Aimlessly played. . . .
Gathering sea-shells
Empty and frail.

One dwindles here
Where the tides creep—
Grows dazzled,
Gazing too long through the clear
Wave at the sun asleep
On the sands overnear. . . .
What if the thought of the deep
Should become a fear?

I must swim out—
Lest the urge fail,
Darken duskward
And fade, as a sail.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse
Frances Dickenson Pinder

THREE CANTICLES FOR MADAME SAINTE GÉNEVIÈVE

I

Kind Saint, within your burnished casket lying,
where wasting tapers weep
tear after pompous trickling tear,
take of your goodness I pray you
this candle I offer,
golden as honey that the bees distil
into their dark close cells

through drowsy afternoons of summer
in droning thickets fragrant with raspberries,
or golden as the tawny grape bunches
that hang among warm leaves,
each full globe swollen to bursting
with juices of untold sweetness,
so clear that the translucent sunlight
shows in each shining heart
the tiny core of seeds;
a candle fragrant as the October mist
that flows, smoky blue,
in your chilly evening city,
when twilight shades with rose and marigold
the end of long streets;
and with my offering take also
all my homage.

Hear me and be propitious.
Hide me in the close dark folds
of your trailing sleeves
that sweep the ground as you go,
softly, so softly,
with the whisper of autumnal leaves
blown by the glittering wind
along the moist pavement
down to the quay's edge
where under the bronzing plane-trees
in a haze of sweet-scented smoke
the autumn bonfires are burning.
Shake out the folds of your mantle over me
so I shall not feel the cold winds that are blowing
out of the tortured lands,
so I shall not hear the jackal voices that rise
against the shrunken sky,
for I am tired, tired,
of the snarling tongues
that urge on me night and day
their tedious hatreds.

II

If ever, kind Saint,
your ghost, its old habit resuming,
takes human form to walk
in these thronging streets,
how shall your face be known?
By what sign shall we tell you?

By garments of snowy wool
from seraphic looms,
stitched by the inspired needles
of sempstresses in glory
whose glimmering fingers float
languidly over the hem,
as float and veer
chestnut petals on the jade green river?

Or by your gleaming nimbus
that twirls and sparkles
through the warm, close pressing dark,
revolving in tempests of fire
with lights blue and green
like the Catherine-wheels of our childhood,
while the ebony water,
aglit with burnished reflections,
trembles in the black shadow of the bridges?

Or by your green palm branch
a little tattered and worn
by the wind, by the rain,
by the angry thwacks you deal
at the swarming imps from hell
that rise in the semblance of urchins
to surround you and mock
when hasty dawn,
interrupting your diligent rounds
and dimming your nimbus,
sends you, with scuttling heels
and a flutter of snowy robes,

up an obscure stair
to your garret room on the Montagne
where, in the placid sunshine
under the weed-grown eaves,
the plump young cherubs,
seated like obese pigeons
on the sill by the potted geranium,
drone their sleepy canticles?

Or rather shall we not know you
by the dress, by the tufted mole,
of a *marchande des quatre saisons*
who with eyes that glitter
like an autumnal morning,
trundles a cart of ripe figs
down the sparkling street
where in heaps of amber and topaz
the tattered rags of the summer,
spilled last night from the rain-wet, shivering
branches,
lie along brilliant pools
in whose glass
the revolving wheels of her cart
flash and are gone as she passes
over the grey, shining pavement?

III

Cold blue mist is flowing
in the long street
where the first pale blossoms
of the orange street lamps
shower their wealth of gleaming petals
on hurried forms that pass
like ghosts over the darkening pavement.

The cold blue mist is full of stirring scents.
Tingling odors of autumn
wander frostily on the air,

mixed with the winey fragrance
of October fruits.

Like heavy petals spilled
by the crisp evening wind
from roses overblown,
the orange light of the street lamps
falls on the flushed bright rinds
in their heaping trays,
on the grapes, golden green,
that crack at a touch,
overflowing with sharp sweet juices
cold to the warm lips and throat;
on shining nuts freshly stripped
of their enamelled green casings;
on pumpkins of orange vermillion,
seated in the pride of swollen majesty
like Chinese emperors,
or glimmering like October moons
of tarnished, ruddy gold,
that rise, languorous and heavy,
through the russet mist
beyond the yellow, thinning boughs.

On the sharp air
creeps a spicy odor
of delicate puckering wines,
distilled from the dark sunburnt earth
on vine-terraced hillsides
and packed to bursting
in crisp mottled skins
that the cold lips of the summer rain
and lusty fingers of the autumnal sun
have embrowned and reddened.

And from the street corner
where the chestnut-vender, shivering with the cold,
warms his gnarled hands over the glowing vents,
spirals of pale blue smoke
scented of roasting chestnuts

rise as from an altar,
rise through the darkening plane-tree
whose leaves are of burnished copper,
rise through the bronzed branches
in twisting, grey blue spirals
toward the watchful chimney-pots that stand
craning with bent heads,
black against the cold yellow sunset.
In the autumn twilight
all things seem dying
only through excess of life
and the ripened year,
perfectly rounded and mellow,
is ready to fall like the ripe fruit that drops
in the long grass
of a forgotten orchard.

Oh the fervour that wakes
in the smouldering blood,
more potent than the wistful fervour of spring,
when, with the lights and the cries,
comes, in the patch of sky
far down the darkening street,
the smoky flush of orange and apricot,
and the frosty air is atingle
with life fulfilled and golden!
Oh the ardour of the evening in the autumnal city!

The Dial

Dudley Poore

THOUGHTS UPON A WALK WITH NATALIE, MY NIECE, AT HOUGHTON FARM

Here is the same familiar land
My mother knew when she was young.
This warm earth crumbled to her hand,
She heard these very bird notes sung.

In that green meadow down the lane,
Knee-deep her pony cropped the grass,
The beaten pathways still remain
That felt her flying footsteps pass.

Beyond that willow tree the stream
Plunges forever into foam,—
Let us go there awhile and dream
Of this dear place that was her home.

* * *

She must have stood here long ago
Upon this lichen-covered stone
Where we are now who loved her so;
Blood of her blood, bone of her bone.

She must have watched this sunlit pool
With wonder in her clear young eyes,
Finding within these waters cool
The mystery that never dies.

All this my heart has understood,
Dear child, or ever you were born.
The evening of her womanhood
Long held a vision of the morn.

Yet I had never hoped to see
Through these fair fields, her lambent grace,
Moving beside me on the lea,
Turning to greet me, face to face.

Now by the miracle that filled
Your slender limbs with living fire,
More than my daring spirit willed
Lies in the cup of my désiré.

Long hence when you have known my grief
You will look back and understand. . . .
Now let us play awhile. This leaf
Shall be a bark from fairyland!

We'll freight it deep with marigold,
Give it a rainbow for a sail,
Upon the deck a beetle bold
Shall lord it in his flashing mail.

Look! it is drifting down the tide,
Wind-driven from the rocky shore. . . .
Who knows what vagrant dreams may ride
On this frail ship forevermore?

The Outlook

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

HAVEN

Give me to rest in a quiet town
Built by old rovers of the sea,
Where they have come to lay them down
Sure of their spirits' mastery.

On shaded streets along the sands
Are white-walled homes where strong men dwell,
And the presence of far-off lands
Born of the sounding harbor bell.

There is the peace of tasks well done,
Of faith true kept with high emprise.
This I ask when my race be run,—
To share the light in sea men's eyes!

The Outlook

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

THE DUEL

Once I fought a shadow
In swift and gallant play.
She laughed at thrust and parry—
That dancing wraith of gray.

Our flickering sword blades circled
In whirls of phantom light.
It was a high adventure
With such a ghost to fight.

At last, too blindly lunging,
I passed her flashing guard
And pierced her misty bosom
With my impalpable sword.

The ways of air-born women
I do not understand,
Nor how that wounded spirit
Left blood on my sword hand.

The Outlook

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

THE WATERS OF BETHESDA

My spirit was a troubled pool
That stirred with every passing wind,
And I was thirsty for the cool
Green depths of a long tranquil mind.

Now let me rest, I cried, and sleep,
While hours that vanish one by one
Marshal the stars across the deep,
And the still beauty of the sun.

Let there be no more rain to fill
My rocky chalice, harsh and brown;
Let me know quietness until
The warm earth-mother drinks me down.

There came a silence everywhere,
And no clouds sailed and no wind stirred.
Sun and stars shone stark and bare—
I had the answer to my word.

All night the stars stabbed through the dark,
All day the sun shot from the sky
Swift, molten arrows to its mark—
The lidless circle of my eye.

In the white torment where it lay,
My troubled spirit learned, poor fool,
The glory of that stormy day
When passing angels stirred the pool.

The Atlantic Monthly
Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

COASTS

Were the burned sand of Ææa,
Circe's,—stranger than yours,
Wadmalah?
Myrtles squat Beastlike, each crouching inland,
Sand heaped like a spell on their faces.

Is Samos more white
Than the beaches of Kiawah?
Are the mighty spirits of Rhodes more terribly splendid
Than ghosts of Indian warriors?
Their spears fiercer
Than points of palmetto and yucca
Crossed like a sword dance
On Edisto?
Their towers more arrogant
Than the belfries of thick white bell-flowers
Carved in the air?

Is Marathon richlier echoed
With voices of youthful heroes
Than the swamps of Santee?
When the bloom runs over the moss
In a soft gray glory of tarnished silver, of shadowy
 pearl,
Riders furrow the night.
Marion, Marion's men,
Pass in a voiceless tumult,
Pass like the smoke from a torch,
With dark unextinguished eyes.

These are the coasts, the haunted coasts and the islands
Of Carolina.

The Lyric

Beatrice Ravenel

LILL' ANGELS

Mammy rocks the baby
 In the wallflower-colored gloom;
All the floor rocks with her,
 And the slumber of the room.
Like the broad, unceasing trade-wind,
 Like the rivers underground,
Rolls the universal rhythm
 And the rich, primeval sound:
 All de lill' angels,
 All de baby's angels,
 Swingin' on de tree;
 Forty-one lill' angel',
 Fifty-two lill' angel',
 Sixty-fo' lill' angel',
 Sebbenty-t'ree. . . .

On the glory of the sundown,
 Of the wallflower-colored skies,
I can see her vast Assumption
 In a cloud of Cherubs' eyes.

With their gold-persimmon haloes
Where the ripest sunlight falls,
And the cherub-tree's espaliered
On the winking crystal walls.
 Little yaller angels,
 Piccaninny angels,
 Chuckle on the tree.
 Forty-one lill' angel',
 Fifty-two lill' angel',
 Sixty-fo' lill' angel',
 Se . . . ebbenty-t'ree. . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Beatrice Ravenel*

THE YOUNG BEAUTY

My two old neighbours come along the lane
Tucking their sober skirts up from the grass—
"To see her you see April in a glass;
She is the quince bough blowing at your pane."
From village houses in a windy line—
"The folk in church have scarce the wit to pray;
Her looks drift in between each word they say."
But ah, I know a lovelier face was mine!
Beauty indeed is but the flower of quince—
(And who so well as I should know this thing?)
Blown out of mind as out the white tree nigh,
And down the dusty highways of Long Since,
Blown out of mind. There is no second spring—
For ah, I know a lovelier face had I!

The Lyric

Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE YOUNG GHOSTS

To old Verona, any dusk in spring,
Up the dim, twisted road comes Juliet,
Her haunted orchard close remembering.
Some silver weather, when the panes are wet,
Small Arthur drifts back to his mother's knee,
Where she sits weeping, London April-mad
Below her, and her ladies, two and three,
Sighing about her, tall, and palely sad.
Oh, the young ghosts, in the young year come back,
To Newburyport, to York, and Norfolk town,
To Springfield, Berkeley, little country Ware!
Some old house calls them, high above the wrack,
Packed with their lost springtime, their new renown—
To keep away were more than they could bear!

The Literary Review

New York Evening Post *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

CAPUT MORTUUM

Not even if with a wizard force I might
Have summoned whomsoever I would name,
Should anyone else have come than one who came,
Uncalled, to share with me my fire that night;
For though I should have said that all was right,
Or right enough, nothing had been the same
As when I found him there before the flame,
Always a welcome and a useful sight.

Unfailing and exuberant all the time,
Having no gold he paid with golden rhyme,
Of older coinage than his old defeat,
A debt that like himself was obsolete
In Art's long hazard, where no man may choose
Whether he play to win or toil to lose.

The Yale Review

Edwin Arlington Robinson

IRELAND: INVOCATION

On your keening waters like gray eyes tear-misted,
On your green fields that harvest the ruins of castles
 broken, rook-haunted,
On your thatched roofs pierced by steel rains of mis-
 fortune,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the centuries like furled unflung banners that
 wrapped you in sorrows,
By your broad-shouldered sons and they ever stooping
 to enter the black holds of ships,
By your strong-limbed tall daughters and they ever
 waving farewell and turning back to the hovel,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the green of your sterile hilltops and the green of
 your tired hedges trailing the empty highways,
By your whimsies that glint above heartache like but-
 terflies over dead bodies,
By the story that wings from the sound of the names
 Thurles, Ballynarra, Listowel,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the past and the strange miscasting that made you
 a hater,
By the present filled with a crying and no one to tell
 if a nation is born or is dying,
By the future—if lost to be chill with abasement,
 if won to be sad with attainment—
O let there be peace,
Ireland!

The Nation

Kathryn White Ryan

INDIAN SLEEP-SONG

Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
My little brown chief,
The bough of the willow
Is rocking the leaf;
The sleepy wind cries
To you, close your eyes,—
O little brown chief,
Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!

Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
My little brown bird,
A wood-dove was dreaming
And suddenly stirred;
A brown mother-dove,
Dreaming of love—
O little brown bird,
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!

Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
My little brown fawn,
The snow-flakes are falling—
The Winter-men yawn;
They cover with white
Their children tonight—
O little brown fawn,
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!

Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
My little brown owl,
Yellow-eyes frightens
Bad spirits that prowl;
For you she will keep
A watch while you sleep—
O little brown owl,
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!

Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
O leaf in the breeze.
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
Sweet bird in the trees.
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
O snow-covered fawn.
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
Sleep softly till dawn.

The North American Review

Lew Sarett

MAPLE-SUGAR SONG

When the first warm days and frosty nights of the spring-thaws usher in the season of maple-sugaring, the Otter-tail Indians pitch camp in their favorite sugar-bush. Before the real work of sugar-making is begun, however, the Indians go through a ceremony. They gather a few buckets of the first run of the sap and boil the first kettle of sap, down to sugar. At night a feast is spread in honor of Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, a mythological guardian spirit of the Chippewas. At the feast one place is left vacant for Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo who is expected to attend the ceremony in spirit, to eat the first sugar which has been prepared solely for him, and to bless the Indians in the sugar-season.

"Maple-Sugar Song" is an interpretation—in no sense a translation or transcription, for no specific words are uttered—of the spirit and the emotional content of the chants sung in this ceremony.

I

Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho! . . .
Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, big spirit of our brother,
Come thou and bless us, for the maple flows,
And the Moon-of-Sugar-Making is upon us.
The nights are white with frost; the days are yellow
With sunshine, and now the sap of the maple-tree,
Humming the sugar-song, goes up the stem

With dancing feet. The gabbling geese come tumbling
Out of the wind and into the wet mush-káig
In clattering families; among the reeds
The fat old women-geese go chattering
Of winter-lands; and gathered on the shore,
Shouting with hearts glad to be home again,
The old men strut in council, and flutter and snort.
Ah-chée-dah-mó, the spluttering tail-up squirrel,
Pokes his blue whiskers from his hole in the oak,
And scurries up and down the swaying branches—
He runs in six directions, all over the earth,
Hurrying, looking everywhere for somebody,
Something he cannot find—nor does he know
Why the green wet days should be so bitterly sweet.
Ho! The yellow birch throbs, for she knows the pain
of life,
Of swelling limbs and bursting buds; she stands
With naked arms stretched out to the warm gray
rains,
With hungry arms that tremble for her lover,
For Sée-gwun, the Maker-of-Little-Children, who
comes
With soft blue feet that rustle the fallen leaves!—
Hear thou the maple-water dripping, dripping,
The cool sweet-water dripping upon the birchbark!—
Ho! the Moon-of-Sugar-Making is upon us!

Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho! . . .
Hear thou our prayers, O Brother, Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo!
Hear, thou who made the flat green earth for us
To dance upon, who folds us in his hands
Tenderly as a woman holds a broken bird
In winter, thou our Brother who hung the sun
Upon the sky to give us warmth and life,
And the wet moon to make us cool and clean;
Hear, thou who made the hills and the timber-beasts
That roam among them, who made the sliding rivers
And silver fish that shiver in the pools,
That there might be wild meat for empty bellies;

Hear, thou who made cold rapids in the canyons,
Wild waterfalls, and springs in the cool green hollows,
That there might be sweet-water for parching tongues;
Hear, thou who gave us thy mother, All-Mother
Earth,

That she might feed her children from her bosom—
Ah-yee! Wáy-nah-bo-Zhóo, come thou on this night
With blessings as the maple-water flows;
Make thou a song to our heavy-breasted mother,
And pray thou that her children may not hunger,—
For now is the night for maple-sugar feasting.

Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho! . . .
From the long cold of winter-moons, our eyes
Are deep, our hands like the bundled veins and talons
Of buzzard birds. Before the winter-winds
The moose have run to other lands for feeding;
The rabbits have vanished as the snow—a plague
Left a strange red sickness in their withered mouths.
Even old Gahg, the clumsy porcupine,
No longer finds his way to our roasting-pots—
We boil his yellow bone-ribs many times—
Ugh! Our teeth grow soft without strong meat to eat.

Ho! Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, hear thou our many tears
Dropping among the dead leaves of winter;
Pray thou, and ask our grandmother, Waking-Earth,
To take us in her arms, to make us warm
With food, to hold us safe upon her bosom.
Our mouths go searching for her mighty breasts,
Where the maple-milk comes flowing from the trees—
Ah-yee! Brother, pray thou now the Mother-One
To give us freely of her sugar-sap,
The good sweet-water of her bursting breasts—
For the Moon-of-Sugar-Making is upon us!
Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho!
Ho!

II

And if the sap flows thin with water, our hearts
Will hold no bitterness; for we shall know

That long ago in thy wisdom thou decreed
That our mother's milk might never be too thick—
Fearing that we should gather plenty sugar
With little labor and soon grow sick with food
And slow to move our legs, like gluttoned bear—
Ho! We are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with eager hearts and patient hands.
And if our birchen baskets crack and leak
The gathered sap, our tongues will speak no evil—
We know that thou, our Brother, in thy love
For those of the Otter-tail totem, whipped the growing
Birch tree until the bark was cracked and cut
With round black stripes—that our birchen pails
might leak

The silver sap, that thus all Indian children,
Laboring long with many steps, might never
Grow soft and fat with idling in the bush.
Ho! We are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with eager hearts and patient backs.

Hi! Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo! Hear thou, O Mighty One,
Who folds us in his tender hands as a woman
Holding a broken bird in the winter-wind,
Come thou and bless us on this night of feasting;
Pray thou our mother to take us in her arms,
To hold us warm upon her great brown bosom,
To give us freely of her maple-water,
The good sweet-water of her swelling breasts.
And if we labor long, our lips will speak
No bitterness, for our arms are strong for hauling,
Eager for many buckets of sweet sap,
For syrup dancing its bubbles up and down
In the kettles, to the bubble-dancing song.
Ho! For we are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with trusting hearts and patient fingers—
And now is the Moon-of-Maple-Sugar-Making!
Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho! . . .
Ho!

Broom

Lew Sarett

TO A DEAD PEMBINA WARRIOR

Killed by Indians in hostile territory and given by his enemies a tree-burial; *i. e.*, wrapped in a bundle of birch bark and placed in the crotch of a tree.

Slumbering warrior-soul, afloat
Upon the seas of night,
In your ghostly birchen boat,
Anchored upon the black limb,
And etched against the white
Of the broken hunter's moon—
O warrior-spirit, dark and dim,
Draped with festoon
Of moss, and shielded by lancing pines
That ring their ragged lines
Around the somber swamp—
Sleep without fear in your birchen shroud,
Sleep with a heart secure, and proud
In your ghostly chieftain's pomp.
Know that the iron-hearted mountain-ash
Lifts you with mighty arms
Up to the proud flash
Of the moon, holds you high
In the unconquered sky,
Safe in a starry cache,
Safe from the little harms
Of the little peoples of the earth.
Through soundless nights, with ghostly mirth
Echoing your crimson scalping-cry
From peak to brooding peak,
The lonely wolf will speak
Of your valiant deeds and many wars.
When white Bee-bóan shall heap
His snowy avalanche—
Soft as the down of the Canada goose—
In tufted drifts and bars
On the black branch,
To keep you warm in winter-sleep—

The wild feet of the stars,
Mirrored upon the frozen snow,
Will dance for you, row on row;
And when the hoary spruce
Bends on your head,
To whisper soft lullabies, to weep
Sweet songs for the dead—
Lo! out of the white deep
Of night, the winter wind will sweep
Down on your birchen bed,
To wrap its arms about your clay,
To carry you away,
To the land of your desires,
To the country whence you came
Like a devastating flame,
Back to the country of your sires,
To a land of peaceful slumbers and friendly council
fires.

The Lyric West

Lew Sarett

ELIZABETH

She has the strange sweet grace of violets
That stand in slender vases in the dusk
When fireflies weave their unseen fairy nets
About an unreal world of rose and musk.
She has the glad young smile that poppies wear
In quiet gardens when the day comes in
With dewy cobwebs tangled in her hair
And laughing eyes that bid the dance begin!
Her path's a trail of beauty down the years
And where she steps the dust is touched with flame;
A genius, as of hills when night appears,
Clings to her from the silence whence she came.
—She passes me and there remains behind
A sense of flowers drifting down the wind.

Contemporary Verse

George Brandon Saul

FIGURE

The fire speaks; the clouds shudder;
Shadow on shadow covers the sun.
It is a day's end; the windows darken.
The flame mutters. The light is gone.

Over the fields, a shape darker,
Rugged, more obtuse than all
The darkness tangled about his movements
Comes, and his shoulders droop. The owls call.

The owls call, and the hour falters.
The winds shuffle under the hill.
A gate clicks, and a door closes.
The winds yield to the night's will.

It is well as it is, at the day's passing;
He will laugh tomorrow and face the sun,
Forgetting this hour of broken spirit—
Forgetting, as men must forget, their dreams done.

The New Republic

George Brandon Saul

MAIN STREET MUMBLES ON

From out her heaven of heavens Beauty looked
Upon the ugly glitter and the hopeless gaud;
"I will go down and live with them," she said,
"These deaf and blind, these starved, undreaming ones,
They shall, through love, learn to know loveliness,
I will incarnate in a poet's dream."

Perplexed, dismayed, a poet walked the ways.
Silence lay on him like an unspent sea.
Nor could he hope to come articulate;
For song died ever on his opening lips.

"Your poets you would slay," he murmured low,
"I must go forth where there is room for dreams."
The wise ones touched their foreheads with a smile
And, fat-eyed, looked on him indulgently.

Out from her heaven of heavens Beauty looked.
"I will go down myself to them and be
Priestess to all the loveliness of life."
A while walked Beauty, veiled, their dusty ways
Seeking in vain to body forth her word
Speaking in unknown tongue to unlistening ones
Who mocked, or moved, incredulous, aside.
Sadly the goddess turned and went away.
Only a timid child clutched piteously
Her flying robe.
"Hovels shall yearn to me and all the dark
Sad places of the earth shall quicken with
My deeper flowering," she said,
"But Main Street shall be dark till not one stone
Is left upon another."

But Main Street's ears were stopped. She only flashed
More jauntily and more resplendently
Her foolish lights. She only shrieked
More hoarsely in her empty carnival.
"I am success. I am prosperity. . . .
No ghostly stuff of dreams is here!"
Her blatant drums beat out.

And so Main Street forever mumbles on.

The New York Times

Mary Siegrist

A RAIN SONG

The plover pauses in his search
For mollusks in the stream:
And, nodding from his stilted height,
Sends forth a frightened scream.

Wee night-hawks veering through the mist,
Indulge in croakings deep:
While herons on the pebbly bar
Their solemn vigils keep.

The woodland's feathered choir is hushed . . .
No note from all the throng:
But with the passing of the rain
Will come new feasts of song.

Aye, sweeter will that music ring,
Because for one brief day
The Storm God in his fury snatched
All loveliness away!

The Cedar Rapids Republican

Jay G. Sigmund

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

Ours is a peaceful town
Of a thousand souls or so:
It is cradled among the hills:
And we are provincial,
Self-satisfied,
And contented. . . .
But souls must be saved:
So we hire parsons to do this
Little service for us:
And we have five churches
Whose lofty spires,
Like great inverted icicles,
Pierce the blue sky
Overhead.

No, I shall not waste time
Telling you of the five pastors
Who labor in those churches—
Though many noble things might be said of them
And the good works wrought by their hands.

Nay:

I have rather to speak of a woman
Whom I saw today. . . .
She stood in a doorway
Of a modest cottage,
Watching her three children
As they left for shool.
Her calico dress was a little faded,
And her smile a little tired
And worried:
Her face was pinched,
And wore the gray shadow of self-denial:
But she waved a joyous good-bye
To the neatly-dressed children.
I have seen her frequently before,
In various places:
I have seen her in church,
In her run-over shoes and shabby hat,
For she teaches a Sunday school class;
I have seen her calling on the sick:
I have heard the kind words she spoke to a shiftless
 loafer:
I have seen the warming smile she gave a wayward
 girl . . .
The village Magdalene.
I have heard her voice in the choir,
Singing old hymns. . . .
But once I saw a flush creep over her face,
And her eyes flashed fire:
That was when the banker's pretty daughter
Tittered at her old-fashioned coat. . . .
But this was the only sign
That jibes stung her,

Or that her cross was heavy. . . .
She is a brave woman.

In our village,
Souls must be saved:
And souls may be the property
Of humans exceeding poor in purse:
And ministers have wives . . .
And oh,
We expect so much of them!
Poor things,
Why do we watch them so closely,
Expecting them to set an example
For us—
Who have less privation,
And so little that calls
For rebellion?

The Country Bard

Jay G. Sigmund

YUCCA IS YELLOWING

Yucca is yellowing—
Hello, yellow!
Cactus is crimsoning—
Glow, glow, red fellow!
And in the mesquite bush is seen
A splash of green:

As when sunset colors spill
Their beauty down an evening hill.

No one rides the trail today—
Who cares if strange or lonely?
No one goes the desert way—
It is for beauty only.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

William H. Simpson

TEWA SONG

Above the lands,
Above the seas,
You see, you know,
All mysteries—
 Sun Old Man,
 Moon Old Man!

Would I could fly
On widespread wing
Where whirlpools are
And flame-tips sing—
 Sun Old Man,
 Moon Old Man!

Die in the sea,
And rise at morn;
Thus would I go,
And thus be born—
 Sun Old Man,
 Moon Old Man!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

William H. Simpson

THE TREES THAT LEAN OVER WATER

(Awarded Laura Blackburn prize)

The trees that lean over water,
 Living enchanted days,
I have known them on quiet farmlands,
 I have seen them on golden bays;
Dreaming in calm, cold twilights,
 Musing in noonday suns,—
There are trees that lean over water
 Wherever the water runs.

There is nothing in days or seasons
These rapt trees ever know;
The only world for their dwelling
Is the crystal world below.
They are deaf to the wind's alluring,
They are dumb through its stormy song;
They answer only the water
That whispers and glides along.

The trees that lean over water,
They miss the untroubled sky;
They lose its fathomless splendor
As the starry march goes by;
In their own boughs entangled
They view the eternal suns.
—There are trees that lean over water
Wherever the water runs.

The Stepladder

Marion Couthow Smith

IN PRAISE OF ABRIGADA

I had been told
A foolish tale—
Of stone—dank—cold:
But you,
Held to wide winter storm,
To clutch of blackening frost and ocean gale,
Are warm!

I thought that stone was silent too,
Unmoved by beauty,
Unaware of season or of mirth:
But I hear laughter, singing, as I lay
My face against your gray;
Surely I hear the ritual of far waves
And scent their winging spray,
Mixed with wild-rose and honeysuckle,
Budding sassafras,
And the cool breath of pungent, leafy bay.

I knew that walls were sheltering
And strong;
But you have sheltered love so long
That love is part
Of your high towering,
Lifting you higher still,
As heart lifts heart. . . .

Hush!
How the whip-poor-will
Wails from his bush:
The thrush
Grows garrulous with delight!
There is a rapture in that liquid monotone,
"Bob White! Bob—*White!*"
Dear living stone!

.
In the great room below,
Where arches hold the listening spaces,
Flames crackle, leap and gleam
In the deep fire-places;
Memories dream . . .
Of other memories, perhaps,
Of gentle lives,
Of births, and of those other births that men call
death,
Of voices, foot-steps tapping the stone floor,
And faces . . . faces . . .

Beyond, the open door,
The meadows drowsy with the moon,
The faint outline of dune,
The lake, the silver magic in the trees:
Walls, you are one with these!

.
High on the loggia-roof,
Under the stars as pale as they,
Two silent ones have crept away,
Seeking the deeper silence lovers know:

Into the radiant shadows of the night,
Into the aching beauty of the night,
They dare to go!

The moon
Is a vast cocoon,
Spinning her wild, white thread
Across the sky.
A thousand crickets croon
Their sharp-edged lullaby.
I hear a murmuring of lips on lips:
"All that I am, beloved!
All!"—
Lovers' eternal cry!
Lift them still higher, wall!

You stand serene:
The great winds linger, lean
Upon your breast;
The mist
Lifts up a gray face to be kissed;
The east and west
Hang you with banners,
Flaunt their bold victories of dusk and dawn;
Seasons salute you as they pass,
Call to you and are gone.
Amid your meadow-grass
Lush, green,
You stand serene.

Houses, like hearts, are living, loving,
Joyful or woeful,
Forget or are forgot;
Houses, like tired hearts,
Sicken at last, and die,
Crumble and rot:
But they who know you, Abrigada,
They—and I—
Forget you not!

Nor they who stand on Abrigada's roof,
Glowing, aloof!

Come with me now,
Climb with me, stand, look down
In new content of mood,
Withdrawn from clasp of crowd
And tangle of the town!
Climb swifter still—
From safe companionship of cloud
The deeper to look down!

Not back!
Forget the thirst, the sordid cup,
The plethora, the piteous lack;
Forget the trafficking in tears,
The arrogance of scars.
Look up . . .
To dream undaunted dreams aloud,
And stumble toward the stars!

*This be in praise
Of Abrigada;
In all the ways
That come to me
Through the wise, wistful summer days.*

*In speech, in rhyme and rhythm of word—
Call it a poem, maybe!*

*In song—tuck the brown shining wood
Under my chin!
Call it my bird,
My heart,
My violin!
In prayer . . .
In dream . . .
In silence, best of all,
Leaning on the beloved dew-drenched wall.*

Leaning and lifting . . .

High . . .

With Abridada's gesture toward the sky.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Lenora Speyer

UPON READING A LOVE-LYRIC

I wonder if the singer of this song,
Rousing the spectres of dead bliss
In pallid throng—
I see them! Tripping, tripping along,
Like midnight ghosts about their church-yard wall—
I wonder if she knew of what she sang,
Of lover's clasp or kiss,
Or love at all?

Perhaps she knew the truer things
Of dreams,
From which her heart need never wake
To burn or break;
Perhaps her words
Were swift, unbridled birds
Whose wings,
Exempt of shifting path of cloud,
Indifferent to star's directing cry,
Lifted her high,
Into the lover's arms of her imaginings.

There could she sing indeed
From out the conquered skies,
Of love and lovers' need,
And of her lover too,
In spendthrift praise;
Sing of the world within his eyes,
And of his hands' soft ways,
And of his lips—and of her own—
Sing happily, alone,
Through lovers' nights and days.

Singer, sing on!
Love dies . . . but not the song,
As long
As lips shall curve and meet:
Hearts crumble . . . not their beat.

Birds break of trilling,
Drop from out the sky
And die . . .
But not their tunes;
June does not weep her roses
For dead Junes.

Surely from all this death
Life catches fuller breath!
Love dies,
The song lives on:
Then let me live within the song!
Scatter and spill
The clamor of my wrong
Out of wide skies,
Shrouded and shriven in a lark's leaping trill . . .
I who have looked too long
Within a ghost's dear eyes.

Contemporary Verse

Lenora Speyer

TWO WOMEN MEET

They do not care about each other, these two,
They never did;
But they were girls together, years ago.

—*Years! Years!*
How many, my dear!—

They look at each other with the furtive appraising eye
Of women noticing the changes,
Pretending not to. . . .

And suddenly they cling, sobbing a little;
They kiss.

But not each other!

The one is holding to her heart a girl's mad dream,
Forgotten,
And the dream's end,
Forgotten, too.

And the other reaches wistful lips toward a far feast,
And seems to taste the crumbs that fell from that
shining table,
Where,
Careless, singing,
She hardly touched the food.

Contemporary Verse

Lenora Speyer

TEARS FOR SALE

I wept a tear
Like a little tune,
A tear for an ache to croon.

A quiet tear
That lay on grief
Like dew on a desperate leaf.

I chose cool words
That spoke of fire,
Metaphor matched desire.

I chose light words
That spoke of pain
In glib, iambic strain.

I chose two nouns
And an adjective
To make my pale tear thrive.

I urged my tear
To an unctuous rhyme,
And sold it for a dime.

I sold the tear
That wept for you;
It's a thing that poets do.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Leonora Speyer

OPINIONS

(To a certain woman in this town)

We could have been such friends, dear almost-friend!
Each time we chanced to meet, how well we knew it.
We smiled and stood together for a while,
Swift impulse made us do it.

Your hand reached out toward mine, your kindly hand,
Or was my hand the first? What did it matter?
We knew and shared the solitude of crowds,
Lifting above the clatter.

And then we parted. Well, the world is big—
And busy—so are we—and more the pity!
Opinions grip us close; mine heal my heart,
Yours fortify the city.

Opinions! Principles! And both are good!
Can two so disagree . . . and each be right?
I wonder! Can the white you see be black?
And can my black be white?

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Leonora Speyer

SQUIRREL

He was so shy when I first wooed his glance. . . .
A rustle of the leaves and he was gone;
But from some sanctuary, dim, withdrawn,
I knew he watched my circumspect advance
With bright, distrustful eyes. His vigilance
The second day relaxed, and once at dawn
I found him frisking on my rustic lawn:
Thereafter we were friends by ordinance.

I hope he knows, wherever now he plays,
It was not I betrayed him utterly:
Bleeding and torn at last I saw him lie. . . .
My little friend! . . . before a huntsman's gaze.
Dead, in the wood, there is a riven tree. . . .
And by what huntsman's weapon shall I die?

CRICKET

The cricket sings upon the—No! not that!
I have no hearth where haply he may sing.
Pity for one who marks the planets swing
From the high window of a city flat;
A pigeon-hole where careless circumstance
Thrust me away, some dozen years ago,
Forgetting to return. And time is slow. . . .

And I am through with casual romance.
The cricket sings: I cannot place his song,
But of my restless thought he is a part.
Deep in some secret crevice of my heart
He has found bed and board. And time is long. . . .
And I would miss that cheerless, cheerful theme,
Lone obligato to my lonely dream.

TURTLE

Queer, tessellated, tardy snuff-box, you,
Hillocked with mud, and slippery with slime;
There is the dreadful certainty of time
In your unhurried saunter—Wandering Jew!
I can believe you on an ageless quest,
Lurching across the ocean's cozy floor—
But, of what God are *you* ambassador?
And to what dismal shrine are you addressed?

Still you are blind to all save wet and gloom,
Maugre your leisured march through centuries—
Dwelling perhaps in more than seven seas,
Impotent yet, within your living tomb.
In my brief venture between walls of clay,
I have met turtles all along the way.

The Step Ladder

Vincent Starrett

OF THE MANNER OF ADDRESSING CLOUDS

Gloomy grammarians in golden gowns,
Meekly you keep the mortal rendezvous,
Eliciting the still sustaining pomps
Of speech which are like music so profound
They seem an exaltation without sound.
Funest philosophers and ponderers,
Their evocations are the speech of clouds.
So speech of your processional returns
In the casual evocations of your tread
Across the stale, mysterious seasons. These
Are the music of meet resignation; these
The responsive, still sustaining pomps for you
To magnify, if in that drifting waste
You are to be accompanied by more
Than mute bare splendors of the sun and moon.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Wallace Stevens*

A HIGH-TONED OLD CHRISTIAN WOMAN

Poetry is the supreme fiction, madame.
Take the moral law and make a nave of it
And from the nave build haunted heaven. Thus,
The conscience is converted into palms,
Like windy citherns hankering for hymns.
We agree in principle. That's clear. But take
The opposing law and make a peristyle,
And from the peristyle project a masque
Beyond the planets. Thus, our bawdiness,
Unpurged by epitaph, indulged at last,
Is equally converted into palms,
Squiggling like saxophones. And palm for palm,
Madame, we are where we began. Allow,
Therefore, that in the planetary scene
Your disaffected flagellants, well-stuffed,
Smacking their muzzy bellies in parade,
Proud of such novelties of the sublime,
Such tink and tank and tunk-a-tunk-tunk,
May, merely may, madame, whip from themselves
A jovial hullabaloo among the spheres.
This will make widows wince. But fictive things
Wink as they will. Wink most when widows wince.

The Dial

Wallace Stevens

THE BIRD WITH THE COPPERY, KEEN CLAWS

Above the forest of the parakeets,
A parakeet of parakeets prevails,
A pip of life amid a mort of tails.

(The rudiments of tropics are around,
Aloe of ivory, pear of rusty rind.)
His lids are white because his eyes are blind.

He is not paradise of parakeets,
Of his gold ether, golden alguazil,
Except because he broods there and is still.

Panache upon panache, his tails deploy
Upward and outward, in green-vented forms,
His tip a drop of water full of storms.

But though the turbulent tinges undulate
As his pure intellect applies its laws,
He moves not on his coppery, keen claws.

He munches a dry shell while he exerts
His will, yet never ceases, perfect cock,
To flare, in the sun-pallor of his rock.

Broom

Wallace Stevens

THE FORBIDDEN ROSE

She wore a cold, hard lily on her breast,
This nun; she sipped its sweetly acrid scent
All day between her prayers; the perfume blent
With her own lily bosom's parched unrest.
She sang the anthems of the virgin blest,
The brides of God; she sought enravishment
Of soul-white adoration, but she bent
Her head at evening like a flower distressed.

Alone within her dismal cell at last,
Writhing her hands in torment on her bed,
She suddenly tore away and from her cast
The lily, then caught back from out the past
Another flower, whose warm, soft petals bled
With passion, and whose very scent was red.

The Freeman

Charles Wharton Stork

'THE PARSON O' PORLOCK TOWN
A Moral Ballad

There once was a parson o' Porlock Town
And a well-favoured youth was he.
With a task for his life and a shrew for his wife,
He was sad as a man might be.

The parson he strode on the broad highroad,
He went with a downcast eye,
Till he caught the half of an elfish laugh
From a copse of the heath hard by.

But when the parson had raised his looks
He crossed himself in dread,
For there by the wood a brown girl stood
And her bodice was scarlet red.

As soft was her eye as the evening sky,
Her loose hair black and fine,
And the man that looked on her wilful mouth,
Oh! long his heart would pine.

"Come, turn you, parson o' Porlock Town,
And tarry a while with me.
Your brow is bold and your locks are gold
And comely of form you be."

"I know you not, you gipsy wench,
I know not your kith nor kin.
From your forward ways and your shameless gaze
I deem you a child of sin."

"You speak the words of a book, sir priest,
You name but an idle name,
For how can the cheek that is flushed with life
Grow pale at the fear of shame?"

"Then come and try with hand and eye
The truth of what I say."
His step was slow and very slow
As he turned from the broad highway.

But he danced when the evening moon was up
For joy of the gipsy life,
He left the drone of his church of stone
And the clack of his scolding wife.

He's sworn a faith with never a word
More strong than his plighted vow,
For the brown girl's face is his book of grace
And her eyes are his candles now.

He's found the God that he never knew
In the sun, in the thyme-sweet air,
And he lauds his name by the camp fire's flame
With a song that is living prayer.

Oh, the worthy people o' Porlock Town
Speak ill of their parson fled;
His wife by the banns is another man's
And she hopes that the first is dead.

But the priest that forsook his musty book,
He shrinks for no idle name,
For how can the cheek that is flushed with life
Grow pale at the fear of shame?

The Freeman

Charles Wharton Stork

THE DANCING FERN

At the time of the partridge berry harvest,
In a wood of many-colored boughs,
While through the afternoon the silver milkweed
 floated
And bells were silent on the lazy cows,
I was going along the wood-road over the beech leaves,
And squirrels had been before me at every turn
Taking all the chestnuts out of their velvet cases,
When I came upon the Dancing Fern.

Now, I never saw a fern like this one,
Trying her poses there alone,
Throwing back her head in ecstasy and laughing,
Curtsying to a chipmunk, dipping to a stone;
Bending far back and flinging out her tresses,
Drooping forward pensive, quivering again,
As all the while her fragile fronded shadow
Kept the wild step lightly, flickering; and then
Though falling acorns clicked like castanets, for a
 breeze came,
The Dancing Fern saw me—did her tree-toad harper
 warn?
And there she stood, as motionless as water in a
 cistern
Or a very scared rabbit, hiding in the corn.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Marian Storm

SIFTING MY DREAMS

I

I have come to confess to the hyacinths, to seek absolution from the wisteria, I have come to be forgiven of the roses, for I have outraged Beauty.
I made an ash-girl of her, that one with the star-eyes.
I set her in rags, that one of the tremulousness.
I beat her with flails of ugliness, that one of the ravished flesh, that pressed the star-strands to her breast, and drank, like goblets of delirium, great draughts of the night-fragrant air.

II

God possess me! Express through me as through the hues of your flowers, the songs of your starlings.
Vest me with brilliant hues, or with carols.
Let me be some color of your soul, some sound of your uttering.

Let me be some rapture of you—some uttered ecstasy—
Like sap thrilling through trees,
Like stars rising to perihelion,
Like waves lapping the feet of cliffs,
Like fledglings pressed close to a breast,
Like azæleas opening,
Like moonflowers thrown purple against a blue night.

III

I am the spinner of dream,
I weave from the webs of yearning.
I weave from the fragile reel that holds the fine red threads of my heart.

I am the gentle dreamer, weaving in and out a warp of the moon with a woof of the mist;
Fine wrought threads of gauze, with filament of dew;
Strands of fairy tresses enwoven with a blue shimmering, like a grotto's evening.

Somewhere my dream awaits me—
What matter that I had the wrong personnel.
Maybe I called it Hyacinth, when it was Star-Drift;
Maybe I called it the East Wind, when it was the
Moonmist.

IV

I bring you the purple embroideries wrought in the
black Pentecost of my pain.
I bring all that life missed and lay it at your feet
like friendly grasses.
I bring the tenderness that speaks your name fondly,
I bring the atonement and the reparation, annulling
the world experience.
I reestablish the Great Heart, I re-affirm the Great
Potency.
All that was withheld I bring.
I bring seed to the barren fields, and birds to the
restive trees.
I bring flocks to the bare hills, and lovers to the
moonlight.

V

I bring you up to the tablelands of your soul,
To the undenied landscape and the deep inhalations,
To your thatched house of joy, with its radiating
cornices, and its lintels that laugh,
Into a garden where trees clap their hands.

I bring you in the early ecstasy, with dew on the spirit,
in the birds' awakening,
In the early radiance, to the vision that hangs in the
sky,
To the things you saw on the wide plain's distances.

I bring you singing life,
Setting it all to music—
From the lullaby over the cradle,
To the requiem over the grave.

VI

I moan at the water's edge at night,
I press my heart to the pond lilies,
I call my lover's name.
I hear the answer of the moonlight, and the birds
 chirping in the trees.
I hear him call to me out of the lone wind.
I hear his swift unwilling feet go speeding by.
I reach my hand to touch the edge of his garment,
I reach my heart to touch the edge of his grief.

VII

I am braiding oakum with my long deft fingers,
But my soul is braiding filament,
Caught from the strands of stars.

I am sifting ashes,
And you do not know that I am also sifting my
 dreams.
You see only Cinderella, the ash-girl,
But I see the bride of the prince.

VIII

Once I prayed to come in the victorious concourse—
Now I know that victory is not in the pageant and
 the roll of bugles,
It is not in the helmets, not in the clanking steel,
Not in the prancing spirit of the fete day.
It may be tears, not pæans.
Once I prayed to the young God of daring—now I
 pray to the grave God of experience,
To that God that bears no crowning and no bay.

IX

What if I grew only towering pines out of my breast,
 and never grew the violets, shy in the grass?
What if I brought only great granite boulders, and
 never brought the moss?

X

I stand at the source, at the beginning, and tell you
 what was put into the attar jars;
 What pigments were mixed for beetles.
 I tell you the process for the inside of conch shells.
 I am from His workshop, and I tell you how He lathed
 the world,
 How with plane and plummet He scoped the sea.
 I know how He made trees, and how stars came to be.
 I am of the Divine Order of His Blue Blouse—
 I carried timbers and wielded trowels.
 I am co-builder with God of His worlds.

XI

I pray to the God that made seas and sunsets and
 mountain ranges—
 And the God that made mites and microcosms.
 Only a God of infinities can understand infinitesimals.
 Only a God that uttered the unendingness that thunders
 along the walls of ages, can hear the pigmy cry
 of me.
 Only the timeless, measureless One will be concerned
 with the moaning of moments.
 A lesser God might hear the cry of a star, but the
 God-One hears my cry,
 Hears the agony of the dust,
 The pain of the unassembling.

XII

O God, keep me humble!—
 Let me not boast my cross, my Calvary Hill.
 What have I done that I should be identified with
 saviors,
 Should share fate with these?
 Should bleed and die, pinioned by my hands and feet?
 O God, keep me humble, here with Joan and Jesus—
 That my lot should be so sweet!

The Boston Transcript

Muriel Strobe

FOR A SHY LOVER

If you will poise your forefoot in my pool,
I will not loose a ripple, Beautiful.
Crackle the fern-stems, arch aloft and stare,
See! there's no fright for you, anywhere.
A leaf shall not lift, nor a shade shake
You and your shy love away from my lake.
I know the noon is a blaze for you,
This gaunt forest, a maze for you:
Kneel near a drop of water on stone.
No one comes plunging. You are alone.
Today I am opal tinged with blue,
My color darkens with the glassy heat,
And I listen for hoofs. Am I timid, too?
Noon is my enemy! Thrust in your feet!
Trample this silver, trample this sand,
I will not startle you, Little One; stand
Slim as the larch, there, I'll not take
Even your shade to the naked ache
Of my lessening waters. If you lean,
Another faun, like you, but green
Will flick his ears and curve his throat,
His shadow hoof will lift between
These pebble-splotches. Will you float,
Mingle and drowse and touch me, Beautiful?
If you come down some blown noon to my pool,
I will be quiet, I will be cool.

The Nation

Genevieve Taggard

WORDS FOR AN OLD AIR

Your heart is bound tightly, let
Beauty beware;
It is not hers to set
Free from the snare.

Tell her a bleeding hand
Bound it and tied it;
Tell her the knot will stand
Though she deride it.

One who withheld so long
All that you yearned to take,
Has made a snare too strong
For Beauty's self to break.

Scribner's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

THOSE WHO LOVE

Those who love the most
Do not talk of their love;
Francesca, Guenevere,
Dierdre, Iseult, Heloise
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak, if at all,
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in lonely pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

Scribner's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

THE SOLITARY

Let them think I love them more than I do,
Let them think I care, though I go alone,
If it lifts their pride, what is it to me
Who am self-complete as a flower or a stone?

It is one to me that they come or go
If I have myself and the drive of my will,
And strength to climb on a summer night
And watch the stars swarm over the hill.

My heart has grown rich with the passing of years,
I have less need now than when I was young
To share myself with every comer,
Or shape my thoughts into words with my tongue.
The Yale Review *Sara Teasdale*

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

I shall gather myself into myself again,
I shall take my scattered selves and make them one,
I shall fuse them into a polished crystal ball
Where I can see the moon and the flashing sun.

I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent,
Watching the future come and the present go—
And the little shifting pictures of people rushing
In tiny self-importance to and fro.
The Yale Review *Sara Teasdale*

FULL MOON

Santa Barbara

I listened, there was not a sound to hear
In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,
The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver,
And a light mist of silver lulled the town.

I saw far off the grey Pacific bearing
A broad white disk of flame,
And on the garden-walk a snail beside me
Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

The Bookman

Sara Teasdale

THE WISE WOMAN

She must be rich who can forego
An hour so jeweled with delight;
She must have treasuries of joy
That she can draw on day and night;

She must be sure of heaven itself.
Or is it only that she feels
How much more safe it is to lack
A thing that fate so often steals?

The Century Magazine

Sara Teasdale

FIRE

Love, let us light
A fire tonight,
A wood fire on the hearth.

With torn and living tongues the flames leap.
Hungrily
They catch and lift, to beat their sudden wings
Toward freedom and the sky.
The hot wood sings
And crackles in a pungent ecstasy
That seems half pain of death, and half a vast
Triumphant exultation of release
That its slow life-time of lethargic peace
Should come to this wild rapture at the last.

We watch it idly, and our casual speech
Drops slowly into silence.
Something stirs and struggles in me,
Something out of reach
Of surface thoughts, a slow and formless thing—
Not I, but a dim memory
Born of the dead behind me. In my blood
The blind race turns, groping and faltering.

Desires

Only half glimpsed, not understood,
Stir me and shake me. Fires
Answer the fire, and vague shapes pass
Like shapes of wind across the grass.

The red flames catch and lift,
Roaring and sucking in a furious blaze;
And a strange, swift
Hunger for violence is in me. My blood pounds
With a dark memory of age-old days,
And mad red nights I never knew,
When the dead in me lived, and horrid sounds
Broke from their furry throats.
In drunken rounds,
Blood-crazed, they danced before the leaping flames,
While something twisted in the fire. . . .

Now as the flames mount higher
Strange pictures pass. I cannot see them quite
And yet I feel them.

I am in a dread
Dark temple, and I beat my head
In maddened rite,
Before the red-hot belly of a god
Who eats his worshippers. . . .

This is a funeral pyre

And one lies dead
Who was my life. The fat smoke curls and eddies,
Beckoning suttee. . . .

But the moment slips
To Bacchanalian revels—quick hot lips
And leaping limbs, lit by the glare
Of human torches. . . .

A sudden spark
Goes crackling upward, followed by a shower;
And I am in the hills, cool hills and dark,
Primeval as the fire. The beacon flare

Leaps in a roaring tower,
Spattering in sparks among the stars
Tales of wild wars.
And on a distant crest
Its mate makes answer. . . .

But the embers gleam
Like molten metal steaming at a forge,
Where with rough jest
Great lusty fellows
Ply the roaring bellows,
And clang the song of labor—and the dream
Man builds in metal. . . .

Now the red flame steadies.
Softly and quietly it burns,
Purring, and its embers wear
A friendly and domestic air.

This is the hearth-fire—home and peace at last.
Comfort and safety are attendant here.
The primal fear
Is shut away, to whistle in the blast
Beyond the doorway where the shadows twine.
The fire is safety, and the fire is home,
Light, warmth and food. Here careless children come
Filling the place with laughter;
And after
Men make good council-talk, and old men spin,
With that great quiet of the wise,
Tales of dead beauty, and of dying eyes.

The fire is drooping now. A log falls in
Softly upon itself, like one grown tired
With ecstasy. The lithe tongues sink
In ash and ember:
And something I remember
From ages gone—and yet I cannot think—

Some secret of the end,
Of earth grown old, and death turned friend,
And man who passes
Like flame, like light, like wind across the grasses.

Ah, what was that? A sudden terror sped
Behind me in the shadows. I am cold;
And I should like your hand to hold
Now that the fire is dead.
Love, light the lamp, and come away to bed.
Fire is a strange thing, burning in your head.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Eunice Tietjens*

A BOY'S HANDS

(For May)

Locked all the winter long
In mittens and pockets,
Now breaking out in song
Like set off rockets.

Crusted, frost-bitten, and chapped
And bony as gristle—
Boxwood's not near so apt
To make a fine whistle.

The Midland

Albert Edmund Trombly

EVENING ON THE HARBOUR

(Awarded The Lyric Prize)

The shining daggers of the harbour lights
Stab the smooth waters of the quiet bay,
As dusk comes in, like a belated guest,
Waited and hoped for all the weary day.

The swaying fringes of the shadows droop,
To catch and tangle in the huddled spars:
The day is gone, and all the restless night
Is bound about with ribbons of pale stars.

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Ah, does he see, the dead boy lying there,
The wealth of splendid wreaths surrounding him?
One white rose would have seemed so fair, so fair,
There in the bloody mire when life was dim,
And all its hell grew more than he could bear.

Ah, does he hear the splendid words of praise,
The humble prayer, the proud sonority
Of rounded sentences and polished phrase?
He lies beneath his roses silently,
As he has lain, untroubled many days.

Around his bier the tramp of many feet,
As sorrowing, the nation passes by—
But he was young, and life was keen and sweet.
“Unknown”—it was a lonely way to die,
“Unknown”—how pitiful an end to meet.

There in his hour of final sacrifice
Did he perhaps know something of this day?
God grant he found the way where comfort lies,
And smiled, as in his glorious death he lay,
To glimpse through closing mists his mother's eyes!

The Nomad

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

SPECTRES OF SPRING

The paling vine-leaf, Savant of Spring,
Clings to the dizzy crag,
And waits and weakly moves
In the remembering wind

As the mind waits and sadly moves
On the meagre edge of now.

What derelict down, what nebula,
What spectral shell
Comes treading on the air
To the mind's spiny tentacles
To unsuspected lodgment there?

A child's strange eyes, and crisp gold hair,
Urgent, sweet mouth that clings:
So soon, withal, a frightened faun,
Troubled by the cause of things.

A woman in Autumn—
Pale her life; but the foliage in flare:
She takes a young man
To dream of Spring.

Youth, A Magazine of the Arts *Mark Turbyfill*

DOROTHY DANCES

This is no child that dances. This is flame.
Here fire at last has found its natural frame.

What else is that which burns and flies
From those enkindled eyes. . . .
What is that inner blaze
Which plays
About that lighted face. . . .
This thing is fire set free—
Fire possesses her, or rather she
Controls its mastery.
With every gesture, every rhythmic stride,
Beat after beat,
It follows, purring at her side,
Or licks the shadows of her flashing feet.
Around her everywhere
It coils its threads of yellow hair;

Through every vein its bright blood creeps,
And its red hands
Caress her as she stands
Or lift her boldly when she leaps.
Then, as the surge
Of radiance grows stronger
These two are two no longer
And they merge
Into a disembodied ecstasy;
Free
To express some half-forgotten hunger,
Some half-forbidden urge.

What mystery
Has been at work until it blent
One child and that fierce element?
Give it no name.
It is enough that flesh has danced with flame.

The Bookman

Louis Untermeyer

DAUGHTERS OF JEPHTHAH

Dance!
Dance the crumbling world's expanse,
Dance the rhythms of this water,
Lift your arms in a wind of joy!
Which among you is Jephthah's daughter,
Dancing to destroy
Fears of sacrifice and slaughter,
Treading down death's arrogance?
Dance!
Dance the flaming heights of living,
Dance the broken depths of suffering!
Make your body sing the chants
Of love and lonely hunger, giving
All you are as offering!
Never spare yourselves; uncover

*All that you have hushed and hidden,
Free as to an unforbidden
And awaited lover.
Whip the fires within you, burn
In a holy unconcern!
Purged of time and circumstance,
Dance!*

Jephthah was judge and chief in Israel;
His arm was iron, his voice a great bronze bell.
Alone, in passionate prayer upon the heights,
He saw the leagues of armored Ammonites,
Flash in the sun like a malignant sword,
And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord:
"If You will grant me life and victory
And bring proud Ammon down, then shall it be
That whatsoever comes from out my doors,
The first to greet my glad return, is Yours;
It shall be God's, a gift from chief to King,
And I will burn it as an offering."
So Jephthah slept, and in the morning woke
To find new strength. The Lord's red trumpets spoke
In Jephthah's battle-cry; he whirled and broke
The glittering line beneath his army's heel.
He saw the massive columns bend and reel
From Gilead and Minnith; saw them fly
Through twenty towns, his own troops rushing by
Like storm on spray, like rain pursuing foam.
So Jephthah came to Mizpeh, to his home.

Knotting her hair in two black braids,
Jephthah's daughter dismissed her maids;
The kiss of flute and dulcimer,
Voicing their pretty pains, the stir
Of passions neither high nor rude,
Smirched the white marble of her mood.
"What is this love that I must hear
In swooning notes from year to year

But an elaborate pretense
To rouse the tired play of sense;
A set of modulated sighs
Seeking to bring a new surprise
To jaded nerves and heavy eyes.
Silence! I will not have it so!
I want a wind of love to blow
Its passions with so great a breath
That, swept and tossed, I shall not know
If it be charged with life or death.
I want to stand in such a gale
Until my blood beats with the cries
Of all the wounded: those who fail
With victory in their grasp, the songs
Of outcasts quivering with their wrongs,
The leper's dirge beyond the pale;
The clang of bolts, the creak of thongs,
The drums of all defeat, the ecstasy
Of losing all and giving utterly—
Lord, let such music ring through me!"

As if in answer to her cry,
A word ran through the halls, a high
Murmur of sudden victory.
The rumor blazed. She sprang to it
With swifter flames. "Lord, can this be
The windy fire to set me free?
Girls, let the holy lights be lit!
Bring drums and torches! Scatter flowers
On the dark earth in brilliant showers!
Arouse the singers! Let the bands
Strike the harp with bolder hands!
Let light and air run through the house!
Put brighter fillets on your brows,
So that the dusty saviors meet
Rejoicing arms and laughing feet!
Shiver the cymbals! Let us dance
The dance of our deliverance!"

Between the crouching hills they came.
She saw their banners' snapping flame;
She knew her father's buoyant stride,
And was the first to reach his side.

Jephthah felt suddenly old and alone;
His bones were water, his face was stone.
"Sheilah I called you; Sheilah, the one
Who is demanded," and, undone,
He told her of his vow.

And Sheilah spoke:
"Why should you grieve for me, now that the yoke
Is lifted? Do you not recall the price
Asked of a patriarch for sacrifice?
I know whose anguish found triumphant voice:
Not the rapt father's, but the offered boy's.
Such rapture will be mine, and I grieve now
Only because my father made his vow
Without me in his mind. I was not meant
To serve as pathos for an accident.
Look at me, Father, smile, and let me go
Up to the hills awhile, so I may know
How to prepare myself, how to award
My spirit's ecstasy unto the Lord."

This was the chant that Sheilah raised,
Pacing the hills with solemn steps:

"Hearken, ye mountains, to my last communion,
Ye hills, ye listening rocks, when I am gone,
Testify to my need, my deathless hunger.
My pain will be another star in heaven,
My tears will glisten on the firmament.
Now that the hour of my bethrothal dawns
And my dark lover waits with stormy hands,
Ye trees, incline your branches on these breasts

Grown heavy suddenly, as April pools
Swell with the weight of rainy rivulets.
Beasts of the hills and demons of the night,
Unite me with the flames that leap in you.
So, to a mystic marriage I may come
Not like a child, half coy, half curious,
But proud and passionate, with burning arms,
Hair flying like a flag of victory,
And all the blood within me singing hymns.
So shall ye help me dance my way to death."

Dance!

Dance the soul's exuberance!
Dance, and as you bow and bend,
Be the instruments that blend
Consonance and dissonance!
Dance the fertile exultation,
Drooping but to reascend!
Dance the final consecration,
Which is beauty's end!
With each radiant tread and turn
Spurn the pallid life, the water
In the veins of sick romance!
Turn to this rejuvenation!
Never spare yourselves, but learn,
In a quickening immolation,
What it is to burn!
Learn what inner fires taught her
Laughter and deliverance!
Jephthah's daughter, Jephthah's daughter,
Dance!

The Century Magazine

Louis Untermeyer

HE GOADS HIMSELF

And was it I that hoped to rattle
A broken lance against iron laws?
Was it I that asked to go down in battle
For a lost cause?

Fool! Must there be new deaths to cry for
When only rottenness survives?
Here are enough lost causes to die for
Through twenty lives.

What have we learned? That the familiar
Lusts are the only things that endure;
That for an age grown blinder and sillier,
There is no cure.

And man? Free of one kind of fetter,
He runs to gaudier shackles and brands;
Deserving, for all his groans, no better
Than he demands.

The flat routine of bed and barter,
Birth and burial, holds the lot. . . .
Was it I that dreamed of being a martyr?
How—and for what?

Yet, while this unconcern runs stronger
As life shrugs on without meaning or shape,
Let me know flame and the teeth of hunger;
Storm—not escape.

The Yale Review

Louis Untermeyer

TO PERSEPHONE

No more you weave, Persephone,
Gowns the colors of the sea.

Your ivory fingers now are still
And your grave a grassy hill.

But everywhere songs are sung
They sing of you who died so young.

And lads and lassies passing by
Strew bergamot where you lie.

No more you weave, Persephone,
Gowns the colors of the sea.

Emerald, chrysoprase and blue,
That looked beautiful on you.

But everywhere songs are sung
They sing of you who died so young.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

SEA NEARNESS

Let me lie in an unremembered place
With sorrel red about me and currants swaying,
Let the cool darkness fall upon my face—
I only want to hear waves playing.

I only ask this thing, sound of the sea,
Clean water shifting under a granite ledge,
Spindrift flying wildly by a tree,
The sound of wind among the sedge.

Life must go on, tomorrow and tomorrow,
Night following night and day following day;
Give me the one thing, Life, that I desire—
The sound of wheeling gulls and waves at play.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

EARTH LOVER

Old loveliness has such a way with me,
That I am close to tears when petals fall
And needs must hide my face behind a wall,
When autumn trees burn red with ecstasy.
For I am haunted by a hundred things
And more than I have seen in April days;
I have worn stars above my head in praise,
I have worn beauty as two costly rings.

Alas, how short a state does beauty keep,
Then let me clasp it wildly to my heart
And hurt myself until I am a part
Of all its rapture, then turn back to sleep,
Remembering through all the dusty years
What sudden wonder brought me close to tears.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Many a man hath gold to guard
And house to keep him warm,
And ale to drink and bread to eat
And strong and ready arm;
But many a man when time is come
To rest him from his labors
Hath not so rich a store as I
Who boast me of good neighbors.

There's many a lad would scale the hills
And sail the fickle ocean,
And touching keels at every quay
Live ever in commotion.
But what a man may buy with sweat
Or carve with hearty saber
He may not own so sure as I
Who have a jovial neighbor.

Oh, some would cram a granary
With oats and corn and barley,
And some would dance a round or two
With every fiddling Charlie.
I like the time when malt is ripe
And Jenny brings the tabors,
But mostly I like every day
Because I have good neighbors.

The Outlook

Willard Wattles

WHEN I FIRST FELT . . .

When I first felt within me stir
My manhood's subtle springs,
There came a sudden beauty
To long accustomed things,
I found the revelation
Of all my wonderings.

I knew the touch of bodies,
Why women's eyes are bright;
In storied old romances
There was a new delight;
New understandings sought me out
And told me in the night.

The hills drew nearer to me,
The earth exposed her breast;
To all her wooded privacies
I was a bidden guest;
The murmur of a mountain brook
Was like a friend confessed.

Then men inclined unto me
Yet never spoke their thought;
It was enough to know that they
The deeper meaning caught,
The roughest salutation was
Significantly fraught.

There was in little children
Perpetual wonderment,
Their grave and quaint decorum
With some old passion blent,
And then a smile that lighted all
The face's firmament.

New wonder broke upon me,
I saw with fresher eyes,
I grasped at once how deep is hell,
How high is Paradise . . .
I knew the meaning of the Word
And the dead Christ's sacrifice.

Contemporary Verse

Willard Wattles

REQUIESCAT

I will go out to the night and the wind
And the clean rain coming down,
For the walls of the sky are not unkind
As the gray walls of a town.

I will go out to the high hill
And a cleft beneath a pine;
In the heart of a rock it is dry and still
And the heart of the rock is mine.

I will go out with a cloak close drawn,
With the cool rain in my face;
And my pillow by night shall be a stone
In a strangely quiet place.

And I will not care if the rain come down,
Or if the night be chill,
For I shall have left the gray-walled town
On feet forever still.

I will go out by myself alone
To the dark night and the sky
Till I am a brother to the stone,
Mingled inseparably.

Into my breast let the good rain seep
Soothing as a prayer;
The arbutus will remember and creep
Out of my tangled hair.

When my two hands and my two feet
Quiet at last shall lie,
I shall not know if the rain be sweet
With my face to the open sky.

The night shall come like an emperor's pall,
The dawn like a crimson stain . . .
I rise tonight for my coronal
Out in the wind and rain.

The Outlook

Willard Wattles

THE HOUSE

Troy is for beauty, the far, the broken
Underneath the coral, the dust, the sand;
The golden cymbal, the lute, the spoken
Word and the buried hand.

Troy is for Helen, the flesh, the narded
Sweet of a woman.—The topless minaret
Is fallen, and he who guarded
And Agamemnon fallen—they both forget.

Here is a house now, ages after;
No fable here, life is scarcely fled,
The heart's heat, the mid pulse, the love, the
laughter—
And yet she is just as dead

As the Helen dust. A broken rhythm
Serves well enough for the theme, I guess;
And this house, as open to the winds, the scism
Of time as the Trojan's place—no less.

Time is a myth thing, beauty a jetting,
A fountain jetting of dust from an urn,
Rising, falling—scarlet forgetting
The shadow, rising but to return.

All is a moment. Open the path wide,
Carry her softly. Don't close the door!
Troy be for Helen, this for a new bride
Stolen away and returning no more.

The Midland

Bennett Weaver

THE LAST NIGHT OF WINTER

Whose whips are those cracking up the river,
Till the long shudder of sound,
Half a sharp cry and half ecstatic shiver,
Clutches through the snow at the still ground?

I cannot sleep, so I will light my candle,
I will lead my shadow down the long stair;
At the far door where some one tries the handle,
Each of us will whisper, "Who goes there?"

And wood will whimper and stone be shaken—
While, locked like a heart, the old house grieves,
Rocking in its sleep and yearning to waken
Warm tears in the silver eaves.

When clouds collapse, when the darkness releases
A trickle of stars, this house at one bound
Will burst like a bulb and fall to pieces,
Floor and door one dust on the ground.

Let the windows crackle and curl like paper,
The rafters slide and the beams fly,
I shall be off on the end of this taper,
Out through the roof and up through the sky!

Straight as a rocket I shall shoot through the shadow,
All out of breath and blinking I shall land
In a green gown in a green meadow,
A crocus, not a candle, in my hand.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Winifred Welles

AH GABRIEL—

If it should happen now, if a woman named Mary,
Bending to the weeds in her rose and rosemary bed,
Should see a flaming shadow fall, should hear a scary
Whirring in the apple tree above her head,

And rising up should find you, leaning on a lily,
I think she would not speak at all, she would only
stare,
Wondering how a grown man could ever be so silly
As to have a golden hat and long curled hair.

And when your voice so singingly said, "Mary, Mary,"
"I have come to tell you—" she would never under-
stand

Your misson or your message, but feeling very wary,
Wave you from her garden with imperious hand.

Though, when you left, the sunset would glimmer
stronger,

As feathers from your wings floated tinily clear,
She would only think, "Days are still getting longer,"
Or, "My, but the fireflies are thick this year!"

I know she would not know an angel from a fairy,
Or recognize light save in the smoky lamp
She sets to shine for Joseph plodding home to his
Mary,
Or believe that golden Gabriel was not a grey
tramp.

The Measure

Winifred Welles

INDIAN PIPES

These are the flowers for a mad bride—
At dusk, on the black earth, under black trees,
She shall fill her torn, white hands with these.
She shall be heard by all the countryside,
When she comes singing to the woods' edge—
Whiter than dogwood shall flutter on the ledge
The silver tatters of her bridal dress.
Singing in a cracked voice a song of craziness,
Down the vague meadow, where her floating veil
Rests on the mist, she shall wander till her wail
Dies along the river in the mown hay.

There they shall find her at break of day,
With eyes like the first white frost, with the tips
Of her tired fingers and the droop of her lips
Blackened like the flowers she had carried away,
The flowers that were all one waxen white,
Leaf, stem and cup, but could not last the night.

The Measure

Winifred Welles

THE POPPY-ROOM

Wide-open-windowed in the morning time
It could belong to anyone,
A sewing-room, where winds might scatter threads,
A play-room for the sun,
An easy height for sweetnesses to climb—
Those tendrilled fragrances, like ivies twining,
Of cooling loaves and browning loam
And blossoms moist with June—
But later in the afternoon
It was my mother's.

Then, with a bobbing, like bright heads,
The sun stole 'round the house and hushed its shining,
The wind put up its needles and went home,
And fragrance swung no further than the eaves
But held its breath there in the leaves,
As if they knew this place was now no other's,
As if, with me, each heard her say,
"Run off now, dear, and play,
I'm going to the Poppy-Room."

Whether those paper poppies on the wall
Were real to her or just a dreamy bloom,
Whether she bowed to them or made them bow
For her, I never knew at all—
I only knew that she came down the stairs
At evening, as a star comes down the sky,
Her eyes as calm as prayers,
Her steps a lullaby.

Remembering those rows of sleepy plumes
And how my mother sought them all alone,
I am not wistful now
When, for a moment, people seek release.
I watch their thoughts draw down across their minds
With the finality of blinds;
I hear their silence like a turning key,

And know that they have closed to me
Some holy place they call their own.
And so I am not lonely—
They have not really left me, they are only
Going to their poppy-rooms.
They will return in peace.

Contemporary Verse

Winifred Welles

SILENCE

She was a quiet little body
In a quaint silk shawl,
Who sat and sewed and listened,
But hardly spoke at all.

She let her copper kettle
And her bright as copper fire,
Wag like tongues and hum like voices
In a cozy little choir.

She was quieter with others
Than they could be alone,
But the flashing of her fingers
Was a wit all its own.

And while we talked her needle
Like a swift dragon fly,
Was sewing seeds of summer
Into squares as blue as sky.

I have taken tea from many,
And talk from many more,
But a blue bag of lavender
I never had before
Or since from any woman
When I left her at her door.

Now that her fire, her kettle,
And herself are still,
Hearths seem merely hissing,
Spouts only shrill.

So I never stop from talking,
So I always keep astir—
I would be afraid of silence
That was not a gift from her
In shiny bits like ribbons,
Sweet, like lavender.

Contemporary Verse

Winifred Welles

WHITE FEAR

I am not afraid in April,
I am cool enough to pass
Where robins burn like embers
And tulips scorch the grass.

But oh, when snow has fallen
On a little city park,
I would not dream to venture
Alone there in the dark!

For if I made one motion
Along the muffled street,
Whole whitened trees would tumble
Into ashes at my feet.

The almond lamps would ripen
In the velvet shell and fall
Upon the plush of pavements
With no sound at all.

And trembling in the silence
Like someone very old,
I would find my hair silver
And feel my heart cold.

The Measure

Winifred Welles

NATIVES OF ROCK

The fire cut away
The soft forest
Down to the rose-pink rock
Harder than light.

Movement is not easy
In the mountain clearing
Where all that is not stone
Imitates and is above stone.

We ride so high
That we are embedded
In the air, O crystal,
And cry for love among aspens,

Ferns that uncoil beneath,
Cry discontent. At night
We lie down
On red granite

Ledges, throat on throat,
Mid polished berry rods,
Eyes wide open
For the early rays' stir:

Illusion of antelope
Who make the horizon
Quiver upon their lifted
Spikes, and lap the dew.

The Dial

Glenway Wescott

IN THE DARK CITY

There is a harper plays
Through the long watches of the lonely night
When, like a cemetery,
Sleeps the dark city, with her millions laid each in
his tomb.

I feel it in my dream; but when I wake,
Suddenly, like some secret thing not to be overheard,
It ceases—
And the gray night grows dumb.

Only in memory
Linger those veiled adagios, fading, fading . . .
Till, with the morning, they are lost.

What door was opened then?
What worlds undreamed of lie around us in our sleep,
That yet we may not know?
Where is it one sat playing
Oven and over, with such high and dreadful peace,
The passion and sorrow of the eternal doom?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

John Hall Wheelock

EXULTATION

Before the dawn the very thought of you,
That wakes me, as the morning wakes the night,
Floods all my heart with most exultant joy.

The thought of you that rises with the stars,
When evening wheels all glittering through the dark,
Floods all my heart with most exultant joy.

O life and joy and breath and death of me,
With every breath I draw you in like air!
O I shall die of you, of you, of you!

Though now you banish me forevermore,
Never to look upon your face again—
Think you that I shall sorrow for my love?

Though I shall lie upon my bed of death
And know you have forgotten me forever—
Think you that I shall sorrow for my love?

O life and joy and breath and death of me,
I shall cry out exultant, and lie dead!
O I shall die of you, of you, of you!

O love, I love you better than you know!
I love you as the water loves the sea.
I love you as the twilight loves the dark.

Contemporary Verse

John Hall Wheelock

O HAPPY HEART!

Beloved—O adorable and false,
Whom have you taken now in the dear toils!

By what pale margins do your footsteps stray,
Or what enchanted wood? What valleys hold
The lily of your loveliness? What hills
Have known your weight upon them, what far shore?

Twilight comes tenderly, while evening lifts
Along the pallid rim her lonely star—

O happy heart on which your heart is laid!

The Bookman

John Hall Wheelock

NIGHT HAS ITS FEAR

Night has its fear—
As the slow dusk advances, and the day
Fades out in fire along the starry way,
The ancient doubt draws near.

Vague shapes of dread—
Soft owl, or moth, and timid twittering things—
Move through the growing dark; on furtive wings
The bat flits overhead.

And in the house
The death-watch ticks, the dust of time is stirred
With timorous footfalls, in the night is heard
The gnawing of the mouse.

Through the old room
What phantoms throng, what shapes that to and fro
Tremble, and lips that laughed here long ago—
Gone back into the gloom!

A whip-poor-will
Bleakly across the baleful country cries
From a blurred mouth, and from the west replies
Echo—and all is still.

Now from her shell,
Her body's prison, with the ancient doubt
And terror stricken, the scared soul looks out,
Asking if all be well.

Great kings have been,
Poets, and mighty prophets, shapes have cried
About the world, or moved in mournful pride;
And are no longer seen.

From many lands
Their plaint was lifted; from how many a shore
Sorrows have wailed, that are not anymore!
They sleep with folded hands.

They have their day;
Their cry is loud about the earth, who come
To the one end; the singing lips grow dumb
Always in the one way.

Though they implore,
Brief is the plea, inflexible the fate!
Silence has the last word; and then—the great
Silence, forevermore.

Pondering these,
The fretful spirit in bewilderment
Quickens with a vague doubt, and, not content,
Broods, and is ill at ease.

Her being is
Throned on so frail a pulse, such fleeting breath
Bears up her dream across the gulf of death
And the obscure abyss,

Always she hears
The hurtling chariots of the hurrying blood,
Her shuttling breath 'that in the solitude
Weaves the one self she wears.

Now first the vast
Veil over heaven is rent, and bares the whole
Shining Reality; whereat the soul
Sickens, and is aghast!

Darkness reveals
The tragic truth; her will sinks hopeless wings
Before the inexorable Fact of things,
Humbling the dread she feels.

With the old Awes
Confronted and the flaming Mystery,
She may not speak; but, pondering, suddenly
Grows silent, and withdraws.

She may not bear
That sight; the spangled heavens from east to west
Stretch out too wide the confines of the breast,
Straining in wonder there.

Upon what Brow
Of awful eminence—O thought that stuns!
Is laid that chaplet of a million suns,
Upon what Forehead now?

Who was it wrought
This universal glory all around,
Of glittering worlds forever without bound?
Great Poet, what a Thought!

It is a Word
Unutterable that is written there;
The spirit, gazing, is one voiceless prayer,
Careless if it be heard.

Her thoughts ascend,
Star beyond star, height beyond aching height
Upward, in adoration infinite,
Forever, without end.

So shall it be!
Till Time dim the high Legend; till the throne
Of night be shaken, and the Face be known
Beyond eternity;

Till God divide
And rend asunder the embroidered hem
Of darkness; till the starry diadem
And crown be set aside!

All's Well

John Hall Wheelock

PANTHER! PANTHER!

There is a panther caged within my breast,
But what his name there is no breast shall know
Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so,
Backward and forward, in relentless quest:
That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,
The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go
Over my body's prison to and fro,
Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart,
But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars
The inexorable Frenzy reawakes;
His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars,
The eternal passion stretches me apart—
And I lie silent, but my body shakes.

Scribner's Magazine

John Hall Wheelock

WHERE BEAUTY LODGES

Where Beauty lodges there prevails
Exuberance of life and bloom;
She is a guest who never fails
To render payment for her room
In coin that many a startled host
Disparages as counterfeit,
Perceiving least where there is most,
Or seeing, wanting none of it.

Impetuously she journeys forth
Unvexed by property or fence,
Indifferent to south or north,
Regardless of convenience,
Yet with discerning eye to which
Her entertainment most enjoys:
She sets no ban on poor or rich,
But looks suspiciously on boys.

She revels in luxurious space
Yet in a flake can be confined.
She hates the smug and commonplace
But loves the brave and humble mind;
She haunts direct and simple things,
Distrusts the complex and the clever;
Birdlike to twigs of whim she clings
To flit away next breath or never.

Mistress of myriad homes is she,
But all are within alien gate;
Her sites she picks capriciously,
Inanimate or animate:
A gutter song, a porcelain jar,
A tiger, rain, a pheasant's quill,
A cobweb, a volute, a star,
A factory whistle piping shrill.

The Yale Review

Wayland Wells Williams

BLACKBERRY BRIARS

"The blackberry briars you bought—
I think it is too late
To put them in," Seth said.

"The earth is cold
Clean to the elbow.
Better wait for spring—
They'll rot."

But I went with him
To make sure,
And put my hand
Deep in the broken ground.

He leaned and packed the earth,
And pressed hard with his foot.

He said:
"Just let it stay until
You get the feel of it.
That cold comes on like a creeping palsy."

Then he waited—
Watching me with covered eyes
Until I shuddered
And withdrew my arm.

"You turned a little white," he laughed.

"It's packing the earth," I said,
"Pressing it down the way you do."

"It's a game I learned once
For myself," he said.
"I call it playing
With the sun's shadow.
It isn't just like any cold
That you can think of.
And it's always following him around.

"It's queer," he said,
"When the sun gets through growing things
You can put your hand in almost anywhere
And find it.

"When the sun goes
How can the shadow linger?
That's what I don't understand.

"Sometimes I wonder if—"

But I said:
"Seth, we'll let the blackberries go."

EAGLE SONNETS

I

I have been sure of three things all my life.

The first is that I am—a final one
That yields no room for doubt or windy strife—

More certain than the blazing of the sun.

The second, that I was—a fainter fact,

Broken by sudden blanks and curious lapses;
A shadow to each living thought and act,

Yet shadowed by a host of vague perhapses.

The third and last of these, that I will be:

A moment leading to a lengthening span,
A fragment formed of continuity,

A child forever growing into man.

Three things are sure. . . . O you who grope for
four,

Know, man is sure of three, and never more.

II

I cannot know that other men exist:

It is but a belief, obscurely guessed.

Within the mirror, brain, they move in mist;

A wall of air holds back the friendliest breast.

To me they are. . . . And so to me the vision

My fancy builds this moment in the air,

Food for a clearer glance's high derision,

Food for a thoughtful hour's thin despair.

For knowledge is from skill of inward seeing,

Not bred of eye, or ear, or touch, alone:

It is the younger, truer name of being,

No gossip spread by careless flesh and bone;

And though from seed to fruit to seed it change,

It is one's self, and knows no further range.

III

We hear the ancients say that man is issue

Of godhood—spirit breathed into the dust.

Man is a favored, roving bud of tissue,

Fed on the countless blossoms of earth's crust.

He is a child of truit and sturdy grain;
Of bird and beast his sinews have been knit.
These gave the stuff for body and for brain:
If they are godhood, he is spawn of it.
And though old Gabriel split his cheeks with blowing,
No part of us shall rise in that last day:
Within uncounted lives we shall be growing,
Bird in the bird, and clay within the clay.
If he should blow, to clothe again my spirit,
Each part will be too hard at work to hear it.

IV

And—spirit? Is it some ethereal spark
Nurtured in disembodied realms of air,
Sentenced to serve within the human dark,
Finding through death its deathless life elsewhere?
It is the sum of ancient ache and feeling,
All I have touched and seen. I cannot tell
But there are, for a tardier revealing,
More ancient aches and feelings found as well.
Yet this is all. . . . The flower's scent is blended
Of airy particles sprung from its core;
And when the blossom's summer hour is ended,
No scent lives on, to knock at Heaven's door.
And so my spirit, which in striving shone,
Shall follow where the striving heart has gone.

V

Flower of the dust am I: for dust will flower,
Before its final reckoning is had;
And then this dust, in a hot sudden hour,
Shall stagger, veer, and flounder, in a mad,
Tumultuous plunge into that blazing sun
—Mere dust on fire—that gave it once its birth;
And man and all his doings shall be one
With the charred cinder that was once an earth.
And then again a brief, unhurried cooling,
More flowers that walk and dream, maybe—and then

The aged sun will end its scanted ruling
As surely as there is an end to men.
The heavens at last will end, as all things must—
To let new heavens ripple out of dust.

VI

We are parts of a vaster thing than we,
Not isolated aliens astray:
We walk and breathe in a totality
That links all men in its organic sway.
Vaster than this, we grow within a one
That clasps all things that grow within its heart;
Yes, all the lifelessness from sun to sun
Shares in the body in which we have part.
How can the part prove traitor to the whole,
Or how rebel against itself? No more
Than body could rebel against the soul,
Or soul betray the body that it wore.
We are, for all our struts and ecstasies,
Inexorably one with all that is.

VII

With all that is: and here the tongue is dumb,
The voice is silent, and the heart is still.
What things have been, what wilder things will come,
Are locked forever from the straining will.
Only we know no shaping thought or plan
Started the weary whirling of the spheres;
Only we know the drifting mote called man
Is nothing in the spinning of the years.
And whether there are years we are not sure:
Or whether space is boundless or is bound.
We only know that darkness will endure,
And that no savior sun or moon is found:
Only the flicker of a falling star,
Taunting how black the blacker spaces are.

VIII

Faith is the dream that things known false are true;
Truth is our feeble vision in the dark;
Love, that supremest pleasure men pursue,
Is life's device to shield an undimmed spark.
Right is a thing of person and of season,
Justice the sagging of a rusty scale;
And we need only watch the cheater, Reason,
To see how man's last anchorage must fail.
Faith is a vision we must cling to still:
Truth is a god to serve, although we die.
Love is the dear controller of our will,
Justice and right must ring in every cry.
Though Reason let our craft drift out to sea,
Yet we shall find no truer guide than he.

The Nation

Clement Wood

PRETTY WORDS

Poets make pets of pretty, docile words:
I love smooth words, like gold-enameled fish
Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:
Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in herds,
Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,
Or purring softly at a silver dish,
Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.

I love bright words, words up and singing early;
Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing;
Warm lazy words, white cattle under trees;
I love words opalescent, cool, and pearly,
Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
Gilded and sticky, with a little sting.

The Bookman

Elinor Wylie

CASTILIAN

Velasquez took a pliant knife
And scraped his palette clean;
He said, "I lead a dog's own life
Painting a king and queen."

He cleaned his palette with oily rags
And oakum from Seville wharves;
"I am sick of painting painted hags
And bad ambiguous dwarfs.

The sky is silver, the clouds are pearl,
Their locks are looped with rain.
I will not paint Maria's girl
For all the money in Spain."

He washed his face in water cold,
His hands in turpentine;
He squeezed out colour like coins of gold
And colour like drops of wine.

Each colour lay like a little pool
On the polished cedar wood;
Clear and pale and ivory-cool
Or dark as solitude.

He burnt the rags in the fireplace
And leaned from the window high;
He said, "I like that gentleman's face
Who wears his cap awry."

This is the gentleman, there he stands,
Castilian, sombre-caped,
With arrogant eyes, and narrow hands
Miraculously shaped.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

THE GOOD BIRDS

Threading the evil hand and look
I sprang, on sinews spare and light,
To sleep beside a water-brook
Where snow was sprinkled overnight.

I spread my cloak upon the ground,
I laid my head upon a stone,
I stared into the sky and found
That I no longer lived alone.

He turned His burning eyes on me
From smoke above a mountain-shelf;
I did not want His company
Who wanted no one but myself.

I whistled shrill, I whistled keen;
The birds were servant to my nod.
They wove their wings into a screen
Between my lovely ground and God.

The Nation

Elinor Wylie

DEMON LOVERS

The peacock and the mocking-bird
Cry forever in her breast;
Public libraries have blurred
The pages of his palimpsest.

He wanders lonely as a cloud
In chevelure of curled perruque;
Masked assassins in a crowd
Strangle the uxorious duke.

Castilian facing Lucifer,
Juan does not remove his cap;
Unswaddled infantile to her
His soul lies kicking in her lap.

While she, transported by the wind,
Mercutio has clasped and kissed. . . .
Like quicksilver, her absent mind
Evades them both, and is not missed.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

FULL MOON

My bands of silk and miniver
Momently grew heavier;
The black gauze was beggarly thin;
The ermine muffled mouth and chin;
I could not suck the moonlight in.

Harlequin in lozenges
Of love and hate, I walked in these
Striped and ragged rigmaroles;
Along the pavement my footsoles
Trode warily on living coals.

Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,
In their corrupt disguises clothed,
Mortality I could not tear
From my ribs, to leave them bare
Ivory in silver air.

There I walked, and there I raged;
The spiritual savage caged
Within my skeleton, raged afresh
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,
The clean bones crying in the flesh.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

DROWNED WOMAN

He shall be my jailer
Who sets me free
From shackles frailer
Than the wind-spun sea.

He shall be my teacher
Who cries "Be brave."
To a weeping creature
In a glass-walled wave.

But he shall be my brother
Whose mocking despair
Dives headlong to smother
In the weeds of my hair.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

EPITAPH

For this she starred her eyes with salt
And scooped her temples thin,
Until her face shone pure of fault
From the forehead to the chin.

In coldest crucibles of pain
Her shrinking flesh was fired
And smoothed into a finer grain
To make it more desired.

Pain left her lips more clear than glass;
It colored and cooled her hand.
She lay a field of scented grass
Yielded as pasture land.

For this her loveliness was curved
And carved as silver is:
For this she was brave: but she deserved
A better grave than this.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

LET NO CHARITABLE HOPE

Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am in nature none of these.

I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I lived by squeezing from a stone
The little nourishment I get.

In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.

The Literary Review
New York Evening Post

Elinor Wylie

HEROICS

Though here and there a man is left
Whose iron thread eludes the shears,
The martyr with his bosom cleft
Is dead these seven heavy years.

Does he survive whose tongue was slit,
To slake some envy of a king's?
Sportive silver cried from it
Before the savage cut the strings.

The rack has crumpled up the limb
Stretched immediate to fly;
Never ask the end of him
Stubborn to outstare the sky.

Assuming an heroic mask,
He stands a tall derisive tree,
While servile to the speckled task
We move devoted hand and knee.
It is no virtue, but a fault
Thus to breathe ignoble air,
Suffering unclean assault
And insult dubious to bear.

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

THE YEARBOOK
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